Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Third Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SOPHIA MATILDA, Princess of Gloucester, is the daughter of the late William Henry Duke of Gloucester: she was born May 29, 1773. The family of his Royal Highness the late Duke was,

1. Sophia Matilda, born as above.
2. Caroline Augusta Maria, born June 24, 1774; died March 14th in the following year.
3. William Frederick, the present Duke, born at Rome, January 15, 1776.

It is the most pleasing part of our labour, in the slight Biographical Sketches in which we are engaged, that when we are summoned to fix attention upon exalted rank, an opportunity is at the same time afforded us of doing justice to the virtue that adorns it, and proposing as examples those who are naturally looked up to as superiors in station, and whose pre-eminence in virtue thus entitles them to a double distinction.

Example, whether of good or bad, originates principally with high rank. The great are the guardians of the morals of the low. The vices of inferior conditions are but too often the reflection of those that infest the highest. But as the great have a double crime to answer for in their vices, so, on the contrary, have their virtues a weight and authority which does not belong to their inferiors. If society feels the shock of their vices, it is equally nourished and ameliorated by their virtues.

It is the just pride of England, and the fairest boast of our national morals, that when we look to the summit of rank and high station, we find it tipt with the brightest radiance of purity and virtue. Where all eyes are attracted by envy and

curiosity, they are detained by admiration and reverence; and it is assuredly no adulation to say, that the female branch of the present Royal Family exhibits individually, and without one single exception, the brightest patterns of public and private virtue.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester has kept an equal pace with her Royal cousins in the cultivation of every virtue and feminine accomplishment; she is to be distinguished for the same noble modesty of demeanour, the same benevolence and affability, the same preference of retirement and domestic life.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The public, and the world of fashion, have lately had occasion to regret the loss of a lady no less distinguished by her rank than her virtues,—for virtues which, amidst all the seductions of high life and splendid fortune, remained steadfast and unsullied, and which, without being contaminated by pride, or shaken by temptation, accompanied her from her first entrance into life to its final close, and gave that lustre to her rank, and influence to her example, that the world may be truly said to have sustained a loss, almost irreparable, by her decease.

Georgiana Cavendish, the late Duchess of Devonshire, was the eldest daughter of the late John Earl Spencer, and sister to the present Lord. Her mother, the Dowager Countess Spencer, now living, was descended from the ancient family of Poyntz.

Her Grace was born June 7th 1757. She was educated chiefly under the eye of her mother, a lady whom it is unnceessary to commend; her character was truly that of an English matron; a noble chastity of mind, and simplicity of conduct, were united to a sound and well cultivated understanding, and her whole character was refined and exalted by a strong sense and devout practice of religious obligations; she was a lady truly exemplary and estimable. She had lived in high life, and embellished the most splendid circles, and without a fastidious disgust of its pleasures and amusements, which she partook of with a delicate, temperate, and discriminate taste, she had the resolution to withdraw from them in the maturity of youth and beauty, and devote her whole care to the education of her family. A character of this kind, so rare in high life, should not pass without its just praise; and as we have long marked the mild, the unaffected, the resigned, and pious decline of this amiable lady into the vale of years, we have a gratification peculiarly exquisite, in paying this tribute of praise so justly due to her, and holding her out as an example to her sex, of a woman who knows how to grow old with grace, and improve life to the moment of its close.

Under the superintendance of such an instructress, her Grace received a bias of character which she never lost. Early formed to a habit of the virtues of her mother, she reflected her conduct in her own, and never losing the sight or copy of the original, filial reverence and virtuous ardour contributed to make her emulous of an equal excellence. Her sister, Henrietta Frances, the present Countess of Besborough, who was some years younger than her Grace, was no less accomplished in the same school, and with qualities equally shining and promising with those of her sister, she united the same emulation of her mother's example.

Her Grace was scarcely ushered into public life, when the lustre of her beauty, and the fame of her accomplishments, procured her the general notice and admiration of the world. With the merit of personal charms, in which she had few competitors, she united the substance of nobler accomplishments which, in these days of

frivolity and artifice, are seldom seen but in the exterior. It was no wonder, therefore, that all eyes were fixed upon her, and many splendid alliances offered. The devoirs of the Duke of Devonshire were finally successful, and she was scarcely turned of her seventeenth year, when she bestowed her hand upon his Grace. The marriage was celebrated June 6, 1774. Being thus at once established in the highest rank, and the most splendid opulence, a star, in the language of our great orator, just beaming above the horizon, and decorating and cheering the elevated sphere in which she moved, it was not to be wondered that she was courted with every kind of adulation, and that it became a kind of fashion to paneygerize and extoll her.

The general character of the Duke was estimable and worthy in a high degree; but he had something of the haughtiness of rank, and pride of exterior, which it became the business of the Duchess to soften towards all who approached him. She succeeded in melting this frigidity, and smoothing the way for the reception of those at Devonshire house who, in a less happy hour, might have been repulsed, or treated with indifference.

The Duchess of Devonshire may be said almost to have produced a revolution in fashionable life. The influence derived from her rank and fortune gave a kind of credit to her example; and elegance and refined luxury succeeded to that gross and inelegant dissipation which had been before so prevalent among the higher orders of the nobility. A kind of arbitress of fashion and of taste, she was approached with a sort of devotion by the votaries of the gay and changeable goddess; and as example is powerful equally for good and bad, it was no less the merit than the fortune of her Grace, to be able to give it a direction to the improvement of exterior decency, and the inculcation of pure morals.

The Duchess had no less affability in her manners than grace and dignity in her demeanour; without the least appearance of pride, and indeed with a most benevolent and conciliating softness, she had still the art to inspire a respect and consciousness of her rank; but this prudent care of her dignity was without formality or ostentation. She was condescending without meanness, and maintained her rank without imposing restraint.

We have observed that the Duchess of Devonshire now occupied an eminence which attracted the common gaze of the public; and on this slippery pinnacle her virtue kept her stedfast, and envy had no food for gratification. Though the world conspired in her adulation, and wits became rivals in her praise, she passed through the most dangerous and fiery ordeal, that of an unrivalled, unalloyed, and flattered prosperity, with a most noble and unaffected modesty; to resist the temptation of public panegyric is given but to few, her Grace, however, was of the elect.

To say that she presided in the minor provinces of fashion, that she gave a fashion to a cap, or to a gown, that she regulated the elegance of costume, and bestowed her name upon almost every ornament of female dress, as the means of giving it fashion and currency, would be to award her but a small tribute of the public fame which is due to her; it was in the higher departments of fashion that her Grace presided. It was her just pride to have given a kind of *style* and sentiment to manners; to have mingled that kind of benevolence with politeness, as to make it that virtue in reality of which it is only the semblance.

Naturally inclined to society, and of a disposition full of gaiety and fancy, her Grace threw open the doors of Devonshire-house to people of character, rank, and talents, of every description. At this general *rendezvous*, as might be imagined, politics and party were found, but eminence obtained in the more quiet and humble walks of literary ambition was not excluded. Her Grace was enthusiastically devoted to the fine arts. She handled the pencil with spirit, delicacy, and science, and in her compositions of the pen, her merits were not inferior.

Amongst those who were chiefly attracted to Devonshire-house by the merits of the young Duchess, were Burke, Fox, Barre, Burgoyne, and the parliamentary leaders of the Rockingham, at that time the Opposition, party. With this party the Duke of Devonshire was at that period connected, and the Duchess, who was re-

garded as the great patroness of the sect, became from that moment a zealous advocate of the Whigs. It is but justice to say, that her consistency in the approbation of these principles, and her friendship for their great champion Mr. Fox, continued rooted in her mind to the very day of her decease; and it will certainly be lamented by the public, as it has been lamented, and with no common sensibility, by him who was the chief object of her political admiration, that she was lost to the cause at the very moment of its triumph; that she lived to see it get into port, but no more.

We have observed, that the amiable quality of benevolence, which was the strongest trait in the character of the Duchess of Devonshire, was exercised in a wide extent of patronage, and with that excess of liberality which, in some manner, embarrassed her private stock of fortune, and led to pecuniary difficulties. Scarcely any adventurer in literature, whose fortune or genius had not placed him above want, but who applied and was relieved. She had a kind of passion for this sort of patronage which exposed her to numerous impositions; but she seemed to have laid it down as an unerring maxim, that literary poverty should never go unrelieved.

To this indiscriminate generosity towards the sons and daughters of genius, we are, nevertheless, indebted for the introduction of some to public notice, who conferred the most distinguished honour upon her patronage and choice.—Among these was the late Mrs. Robinson, the once celebrated Perdita, and Sapho of the present age. In the memoirs of this lady, written by herself, she gives an account so interesting and expressive of character, of her first interview with her patroness, the Duchess of Devonshire, that we shall make no apology to the reader for the extract.

Speaking of her attendance upon Mr. Robinson in confinement, and her preparation of some little poems for publication, she proceeds to say—

"Having much leisure and many melancholy hours, I again turned my thoughts towards the Muses. I chose *Captivity* for the subject of my pen, and soon composed a quarto poem of some length; it was superior to my former productions; but it was full of defects, replete with weak or laboured lines. I never now read my early compositions without a suffusion on my cheek, which marks my humble opinion of them.

"At this period I was informed that the Duchess of Devonshire was the admirer and patroness of literature; with a mixture of timidity and hope I sent her Grace a neatly bound volume of Poems, accompanied by a short letter apologizing for their defects, and pleading my age as the only excuse for their inaccuracy. My brother, who was a charming youth, was the bearer of my first literary offering at the shrine of nobility. The Duchess admitted him; and with the most generous and amiable sensibility inquired some particulars respecting my situation, with a request that on the following day I would make her a visit.

"I knew not what to do. Her liberality claimed my compliance; yet, as I had never, during my husband's long captivity, quitted him for half an hour, I felt a sort of reluctance that pained the romantic firmness of my mind, while I meditated what I considered as a breach of my domestic attachment. However, at the particular and earnest request of Mr. Robinson, I consented; and accordingly accepted the Duchess's invitation.

"During my seclusion from the world I had adapted my dress to my situation. Neatness was at all times my pride; but now plainness was the conformity to necessity: simple habiliments became the abode of adversity; and the plain brown satin gown which I wore on my first visit to the Duchess of Devonshire, appeared to me as strange as a birth-day court-suit to a newly-married citizen's daughter.

"To describe the Duchess's look and manner when she entered the back drawing-room of Devonshire-house, would be impracticable; mildness and sensibility beamed in her eyes, and irradiated her countenance. She expressed her surprise at seeing so young a person, who had experienced such vicissitude of fortune; she lamented that my destiny was so little proportioned to what she was pleased to term my desert, and with a tear of gentle sympathy requested that I would accept a

proof of her good wishes. I had not words to express my feelings, and was departing, when the Duchess requested me to call on her very often, and to bring my little daughter with me.

"I made frequent visits to the amiable Duchess, and was at all times received with the warmest proofs of friendship. My little girl, to whom I was still a nurse, generally accompanied me, and always experienced the kindest caresses from my admired patroness, my liberal and affectionate friend. Frequently the Duchess inquired most minutely into the story of my sorrows, and as often gave me tears of the most spontaneous sympathy. But, such was my destiny, that while I cultivated the esteem of this best of women, by a conduct which was above the reach of reprobation, my husband, even though I was the partner of his captivity, the devoted slave to his necessities, indulged in the lowest and most degrading intrigues; frequently, during my short absence with the Duchess, for I never quitted the prison but to obey her summons, he was known to admit the most abandoned of their sex; women whose low licentious lives were such as to render them the shame and outcasts of society. These disgraceful meetings were arranged, even while I was in my own apartment, in a next room and by the assistance of an Italian who was also there a captive. I was apprised of the proceeding, and I questioned Mr. Robinson upon the subject. He denied the charge; but I availed myself of an opportunity that offered, and was convinced that my husband's infidelities were both frequent and disgraceful."

The Duchess of Devonshire was not merely celebrated as a patroness of literature; she aspired to court the Muses, and some of her poetical productions may be thought to rank above mediocrity. Her lines upon the bust of Mr. Fox have ever been distinguished for simplicity and accuracy of character; the little sonnet with which she enriched the "Travels of Mungo Park in Africa," has a softness and nature which does honour to her muse; and her address to her children in the "Passage of Mount St. Gothard in Switzerland," exhibits powers of description, fancy, judgement, and selection, which would have conferred honour upon any modern female pen.

With an extract from this poem we shall close our account of her Grace.

We have observed the early partiality of the Duchess of Devonshire for Mr. Fox and the principles of the Whigs. At the dissolution of the coalition parliament, when that distinguished statesman was opposed, in his canvass for Westminster, by the whole influence of the Court, her Grace manifested the strongest interest in his success, and condescended to every exertion of personal solicitation and influence to secure him in his seat. The election satyrists at that time did not spare this personal interference of the Duchess, but whilst her virtue repelled every insinuation, her good humour was fully equal to support every attack.

Amongst those who manifested the most friendly attachment to her Grace, and whose regard commenced with her first dawn in public life, and never diminished till its close, was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; warmly attached to her from the benevolence and noble qualities of her heart, there was yet another cause of attraction in their similarity of external manners and deportment. The same high polish of manners, ease, and affability, distinguished both; a kind of innate grace and courtesy, gave an importance to every trifling act, whether of affection or common ceremony; an ever-active principle of benevolence pervaded their minds; in a word, with the most perfect consciousness of what was due to their rank, they maintained it without any repulsive pride or frigid ceremony; there was nothing of affectation in their condescension; their humility was without meanness or hypocrisy; their dignity had nothing of austerity or hauteur.

Upon her Grace's first appearance as arbitress of fashion and the *Beau monde*, the rage for private theatricals was at its height; the Duchess accordingly presided at the Richmond-House plays. It was here that almost all the wits of the age were congregated, and her Grace took her station, if not amongst the first, yet certainly very far removed from the lowest.

We must not omit to observe, that there was one qualification for which she was

peculiarly celebrated; we allude to her taste in painting. Her works of the pencil far exceed those of her pen, though her ambition coveted renown more from the latter than the former; like the Roman philosopher, no flattery upon her poetical qualities was ever unpalatable to her; whilst commendation of those arts in which she naturally did excel, neither gained her good will or excited her vanity.

Her Grace, notwithstanding her taste for theatrical amusements, was not gifted with those powers of elocution which approached to excellence; she was an amateur, and nothing more.

The Duchess of Devonshire had been married nearly ten years, when her first child, Lady Georgiana Cavendish, the present Viscountess Morpeth, was born. Contrary to the practice of ladies of rank, her Grace resolved to act both the mother and the nurse towards her daughter. General Burgoyne, in his comedy of the Heiress, pays her a very elegant compliment upon this act of maternal tenderness

Lady Emily, one of the characters in this piece, alludes to her Grace in the following speech to Miss Alscrip, the heroine of the comedy:

"Do you know, madam, there is more than one Duchess who has been seen in the same carriage with her husband, like two doves in a basket in the print of conjugal felicity; and another has been detected—I almost blush to name it.—

Miss Alscrip. "Bless us, where, and how, and how?

Lady Emily. "In nursing her own child."——

Her Grace's next daughter, Lady Henrietta, was born at the interval of four years from her first child; and William George Cavendish, the Marquis of Hartington, was born about five years afterwards.

Shortly after her marriage, the Duchess of Devonshire had visited the Continent; and in the summer 1792, she once more went abroad, being chiefly induced to undertake this journey from the declining health of two near relations, her mother, Lady Spencer, and her sister, Lady Duncannon, the present Countess of Besborough; Lady Elizabeth Foster was of this party. They visited France and Switzerland, and resided some time at *Le Petit Ouchy*, an elegant retreat upon the Lake of *Lausanne*. It was here they became acquainted with the celebrated historian Gibbon, who had taken up his abode in Switzerland for the convenience of his literary studies. Gibbon was at that time putting the finish to his Roman History. The tremendous storm of the French Revolution drove them to Great Britain together, and Gibbon ever after found the most liberal welcome and elegant hospitality at Devonshire house.

The career of fashionable life has not much variety or incident; it will be sufficient, therefore, to say, that the Duchess of Devonshire having so long presided in the circles of fashion, began to cherish, during the two or three last years of her life, an inclination to retirement and seclusion. She was principally excited to this by a relaxed and feeble state of health, which had suffered much from the attack of periodical fevers, and a dangerous complaint in the liver. Her Grace had latterly lost the sight of her left eye, which was occasioned by an imprudent exposure to the air, and standing above an hour before an open window, upon her return from a ball, in which she had fatigued herself by dancing. This defect she was ingenious enough to conceal by a dextrous disposition of her hair, and those who were not acquainted with the failing seldom or ever observed it.

Her Grace was much distinguished amongst polite circles for the liberality, elegance, and magnificence of her entertainments; and though cards and deep play would occasionally usurp the midnight hours, in which it is to be feared that the Duchess was accustomed to join with too much indiscretion, her parties were, nevertheless, the most respectable and splendid in town.

From the Duke she received a most liberal allowance of pin-money, from which she, in part, maintained an establishment exclusively her own, and at once fed her charities and extravagances. So mixed and variable is character, that the winnings of the gaming table were sometimes devoted to alms, and what was destined for alms was not unfrequently absorbed by the gaming table.

The principle of saving and economy this lady had not. The quarterly or half yearly allowance was always entrenched upon; the mortgage, however, was wholly to benevolence. Scarcely a tale of woe but found its way to her ear, and all that were heard were relieved. No wonder, therefore, that in this thoughtlessness and extravagance of charity, the debts of justice should either be delayed or forgotten. She knew not how to fashion her mouth to a refusal. The tradesman waited, but the petitioner was relieved; like Charles in the play, her complaint might truly be, that the old *beldam justice* could never keep pace with generosity.

We are now trespassing upon our limits; we must pass, therefore, to the circumstance which deprived the world of this excellent woman.

On Sunday, the 9th of March, a grand dinner, to which the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were invited, was given at the Marquis of Stafford's, in honour of the Fox administration. Her Grace had been languid a few days previous to this entertainment, and was advised by her domestic physician not to go to the party. She conceived it, however, a point of honour, and could not be induced to stay away.

About nine o'clock in the evening she was taken ill, and on her return to Devonshire-house she took to her bed, which she scarcely left again.

Her illness was at first conceived to be an inflammation in the bowels, attended by a fever, and no danger was apprehended. Her Grace was in perfect possession of herself, and had no fear whatever of her dissolution. But on Friday, the 29th, her disorder took a very dangerous turn, and several medical men were called in. Her fever continued to increase, but still she apprehended no danger. On awakening from a short dose, she looked round the room, and perceiving several physicians in attendance, she exclaimed, "Why are you all here, gentlemen; surely you do not think me in any danger?" She was now attended by her mother, the Duke, her sister, and her family, and all hope was given over. At twelve o'clock on Saturday night the physicians left her, without expressing the least hope of seeing her again. The Duke took his final farewell. Lady Melbourne, her dear and constant friend, remained with her to the last.

At half past two, on Sunday morning, death appeared, and she became insensible; her mother sat at the bed side, where she remained till half past three o'clock, when her Grace expired in the presence of the majority of her family.

After her decease, her body was opened to ascertain the complaint of which she died; the result, however, was not made known to the public. Her Grace was in the 49th year of her age. She was interred at the seat of the Duke, at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire.

Her character may be collected from what we have already said, to which we shall add a summary drawn by a person well acquainted with her merits.—The following are the words of this writer:

"Her Grace was distinguished in early youth for the extreme beauty of her person, and the fascinating elegance of her manners; the former quality was somewhat diminished by frequent ill health, and an inflammation in her eyes, which at length caused an almost total blindness; the latter accomplishment increased with her years, and followed her, unabated, to the grave.

"Her Grace had early imbibed a strong taste for elegant literature, under the instruction of her excellent and accomplished mother, the present Dowager Countess Spencer. This talent she has frequently exercised. But not only as an amateur of literature was this amiable lady to be distinguished, she was one of the most generous patrons and liberal encouragers of genius, particularly in her own sex.—It was to her that the public were indebted for the introduction of the celebrated English Sappho (the deceased Mrs. Robinson) into notice. Her services were always extended to literary merit; and her prodigality, in this respect, produced much private embarrassment.

"Her name was almost always to be seen in every subscription for the assistance of indigent genius; and such was her passion for benevolence and patronage, that she frequently became a dupe to her own charities, and was unmercifully pillaged by the fraudulent and designing.

"Such were her public virtues;—her private qualities were shewn in the education of her children, and her domestic economy. The disease which brought her to the grave was a liver complaint, attended by a fever. She died regretted by a numerous circle of relations and friends, and will be long lamented by many who subsisted on the kindness of her charity and patronage."

It now remains for us to transcribe part of the poem alluded to above, and attributed to her Grace, entitled

THE PASSAGE
OF THE
MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.
TO MY CHILDREN.

YE plains, where threefold harvests press the ground,
Ye climes, where genial gales incessant swell,
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—*Italy*, farewell.

Still may the year in fullest splendor shine!
Its icy darts in vain may winter throw!
To thee, a parent, sister, I consign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd Helvetia's rugged brows I see,
And through their rugged steeps delighted roam:
Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and free,
Whilst every step conducts me nearer home.

I wander where Tesino madly flows,
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies tost;
On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,
In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His shores neat huts and verdant pastures fill,
And hills, where woods of pine the storm defy;
While scorning vegetation, higher still,
Rise the bare rock, coeval with the sky.

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,
Where shade and beauty tempted to repose;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'erhung, my rustic seat I chose.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and slow,
Unconscious of the way my footsteps prest,
Sudden, supported by the hills below,
St. Gothard's summit rose above the rest.

'Midst tow'ring cliffs, and tracts of endless cold,
Th' industrious path pervades the rugged stone,
And seems—*Helvetia!* let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of man, the weary trav'ller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the flowret breathes uncultur'd sweets,
Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly trac'd,
Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod,
Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.

For while bleak winter numbs with chilling hand,
Where frequent crosses mark the trav'ller's fate,
In slow procession moves the merchant band,
And silent treads where tott'ring ruins wait.

Yet 'midst those ridges, 'midst that drifted snow,
Can Nature deign her wonders to display;
Here *Adularia* shines with vivid glow,
And gems of crystal sparkle to the day.

Here, too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five silver lakes in tranquil state are seen;
While from their waters many a stream we trace,
That 'scap'd from bondage, rolls the rocks between.

Hence flows the *Reuss* to seek her wedded love,
And, with the *Rhine*, Germanic climes explore;
Her streams I mark'd, and saw her wildly move
Down the bleak mountain, thro' the craggy shore.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,
For steep on steep in rude confusion rose;
At length I paus'd above a fertile plain
That promis'd shelter, and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle spread;
Embow'ring trees the peaceful village screen,
And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting shed.

Sweet vale, whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,
Let me a while thy friendly shelter share!
Emblem of life; where some bright hours are found
Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

Delv'd through the rock, the secret passage bends;
And beauteous horror strikes the dazzled sight;
Beneath the pendent bridge the stream descends
Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way—
'Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
The torrent pours, and breathes its glitt'ring spray.

Weary at length, serener scenes we hail—
More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy meads;
The neat, though wooden hamlets, deck the vale,
And Altorf's spires recall heroic deeds.

But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain—
The flock returning to its welcome home—
And the wild carol of the cow-herd's strain.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shows,
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where *Tell* directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake, and deep embow'rd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stand,
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

There liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By social order form'd, by law restrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the way;
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell *Helvetia!* from whose lofty breast
Proud *Alps* arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful Science gilds the plains below.

Often thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd bosom seek—
There Nature's hand her boldest work displays,
Here, bliss domestic beams on ev'ry cheek.

Hope of my life! dear *Children* of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more—oh transport!—reach its home and you.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

VALERIA; OR THE GHOST ALIVE!

I WAS quartered in a small town of Languedoc, when I received an invitation from a friend to pass the Christmas holidays at an old castle built on the rocks of the Cevennes. Young ladies, officers, and amiable neighbours, composed our cheerful society, and good nature and confidence enlivened our circle. What pleasures we enjoyed! none sought to shine exclusively, and all were satisfied. Various amusements employed the whole of the day; in the evening we gathered around a blazing fire, each related a tale, and as our young ladies were very fond of the marvellous, ghosts and apparitions were the common topics of our conversation. The season, the place, the hour, augmented the terrific effect of those relations; the nights were long and dark; the country buried in snow, and the owls, ancient inhabitants of the crumbling towers, answered each other from the old battlements with loud and monotonous cries. As soon as the stories commenced, the circle became by degrees narrower, the hearers drew close to each other and feigned to laugh, while in truth they trembled with fear: and the speaker often seized with a sudden fit of quaking, remained silent and dared not turn his eyes either towards the end of the spacious saloon where he fancied he heard the clanking of chains, or towards the lofty chimney whence he almost expected the ghost to stalk forth.

One of the most amiable members of our society was a young Italian lady called Valeria, who joined to the brilliancy of wit, a mildness and equanimity of temper which nothing could alter; her large black eyes were languid, and her beauty seemed to derive greater charms from the paleness which continually overspread her cheek and even invaded her lips, and when she spoke, it seemed as though a statue of alabaster was becoming animated.

During our terrific relations Valeria shewed more courage than any of our ladies. She did not seem affected, but listened, smiled, and far from doubting the facts, found them very simple and natural. We were piqued at her indifference, and once intimated our surprise; this was her answer:

" I do not wonder, my friends, that such common stories should astonish you, as none of you, perhaps, have ever seen a ghost."

"You have then seen one?" exclaimed I, hastily. "I have done better," answered she, laughing; "I have been *one* myself, I am still *one*, and it is a ghost that now addresses you."

At these words we all involuntarily shrunk back, but Valeria, with her soft and irresistible voice, recalled us, bade us resume our seats, and whilst holding each other by the hand we beheld her with terror, and fancied at every moment we discovered some signs of the other world in her face, she quietly continued her discourse.

It is no fault of mine, my friends, to have died ten years ago; it is a misfortune to which we are all equally exposed: but what is more extraordinary, I have since that period found myself infinitely more happy. It is true that the troubles I experienced during my life, have repaid fully for the happiness I enjoy since my death. It is proper I should relate to you what happened to me until that fortunate instant, and you will then perceive that death alone could ensure me tranquillity in the world.

I was born at Florence, of rich and noble parents, whose only child I was. Proud of his birth, my father lamented every day that he had no son to support his name, and soured by what he thought a disappointment, he thought himself without children because he had no son.

Our palace was contiguous to the house of an old nobleman of small fortune, but much beloved and respected, the Marchese Orsini. He was a widower, and devoted his life to the education of his only son, Octavian. This young man was about my age, and as my father and the old Orsini had served in the same army, they visited each other very frequently, and Octavian was accustomed from his infancy to come familiarly to our house, where my mother loaded him with kindness.

I had not attained the age of fourteen, and Octavian was the chosen friend of my heart; he was so mild, so handsome, and so amiable that I loved him more ardently than a sister loved her brother. To him I confided my pleasures and my pains, and in return was trusted with all his secrets. Before my father and mother we feigned indifference, seemed entirely occupied with play, and even sometimes quarrelled; but as soon as we entered the garden, or the small wood at its extremity, we ceased to quarrel and to play. Octavian spoke only of his love, pressed my hands, and often ventured to kiss my lips, swearing he never would have any other wife than Valeria. I made similar promises, and received without blushing his innocent caresses.

One evening my father found us in a dark retired bower; Octavian was at my feet, holding my hands, and as the fear of being overheard made him speak in whispers, our faces almost touched each other. My father's anger equalled our terror, he commanded me in a terrible voice to return to my mother; I obeyed trembling; and from a distance I heard him reproach Octavian, and forbid him to enter his house again, and I saw the beloved youth leave our palace in tears.

The next day, as my mother sought to appease my father's anger, the old Marchese Orsini was announced. His noble and serious air, his silver locks and august features, inspired me with veneration; I was sent away, and all that came to my knowledge was, that after a long and violent conversation they parted in a passion, and hatred succeeded thirty years of friendship.

My father surrounded me with spies to watch my conduct, and I was not even allowed to go to church. My health was soon impaired, and I should have yielded to the stings of affliction, had not my mother shewn me the most tender attentions and soothing pity.

Time glided away without softening my sufferings, when one evening after supper I took advantage of the absence of my father, to go and pour forth my griefs in the little bower where all my misfortunes commenced. I placed myself on the same turf where I had been seated near Octavian, and bedewed it with my tears. His ardent protestations of love seemed to sound anew in my enchanted ears; I repeated all my former vows; when, on a sudden, a man rushed into the bower and threw himself at my feet. Terrified, I was attempting to fly, but the voice of Octavion made me return.

"Listen to me," said he, "I have but an instant, and it is the last. This night I leave Florence; my father has obtained a company of horse for me in the Imperial army. War with Prussia has begun; I am going to die or deserve your hand. I will signalize myself in the first campaign; the Emperor will desire to see me; I will throw myself at his feet, and declare our love to him. Joseph is young, he surely has a feeling heart, he will speak in my favour to his brother, the Grand Duke; your father will not dare to disobey, and you will be the reward of valour and constancy: I ask no more than a year, Valeria; promise, swear that during that time you will resist the importunities of your father, and at the end of that period I shall be dead, or worthy to become your husband.'

I listened, breathless and palpitating with love, hope, and fear. I swore eternal fidelity. We agreed to correspond through the means of a servant gained over by Octavian, the same who had given him access to our garden: a rustling noise among the bushes obliged us to separate. I tore myself from Octavian's arms, and returned to my chamber, where I spent the night in tears.

During the first ten months which followed the departure of my Octavian, I remained in the same situation. My father treated me with the same severity, and my mother with her accustomed tenderness. The servant gave me punctually the letters he received, and each announced new successes. General Laudhon shewed great friendship for Octavian; he made him his aid-de-camp, and promised to raise him to the first rank.

At the end of ten months I ceased all at once to receive news from Octavian; trembling for his life, but secure as to his constancy, I wrote letter upon letter without any answer. I sent the servant to Marchese Orsini's house, to try adroitly to discover whether any news from him had been received by his father. The answer appeased my fears without lessening my grief. Octavian had written the day before that he enjoyed good health, had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and intended to spend the winter at Vienna with General Laudhon.

At the same period, a cousin of my father's arrived from Germany, and settled himself in our house. He was tall and lean, about the age of forty-five or fifty; his complexion was dark, and his features expressed craft and malignity; his disposition was cold and gloomy; he spoke but of his nobility; he had spent his life, and the little good sense he had received from nature, in reading, studying, and learning by heart all the genealogies of Europe.

This cousin, who was the Count Heraldi, on the first evening after his arrival, asked my father in a tone of indifference, whether he knew where Marchese Orsini lived at Florence. My father frowned, and answered, that he knew nothing of him. "Three weeks ago," rejoined Heraldi, "as I passed through Vienna I dined at the house of General Laudhon, on the day of his daughter's marriage with the son of that Marchese. The young man whom I found very amiable, understanding that I was going to Florence, gave me a letter for his father, and made me promise to describe to his family the pleasures of the marriage feast, and the bliss he enjoys with his bride.

My father frowned again, without answering, and the cruel Heraldi continued to relate how the young lady had fallen in love with Octavian, that the Emperor had deigned to favour the union, and that a regiment had been the dowry of the bride. Notwithstanding my efforts to conceal my emotions, my strength forsook me, and I fell senseless into my mother's arms. A violent fever was the consequence of this unexpected blow. It was long, tedious, and painful, and endangered my life. My mother did not leave me an instant; my father shewed me the most tender attentions, he passed the night by my side, called me his dearest child, and seemed to have restored his heart to me. This change in his conduct affected me so much, that in a moment of filial tenderness, when he asked me with tears in his eyes, "how his Valeria felt?" I encircled his neck with my arms, and exclaimed, "yes, I am your Valeria; I am your docile child; and the only wish of my heart will always be to fulfil your desires."

These words decided my fate. I had perceived for some time that my father intended to unite me with Heraldi, and he now declared his intention, without enforcing but imploring my obedience. Octavian was married and faithless, I was indignant against him; I wished to avenge myself by loving another, I consented, and gave my word.

The preparations for my marriage were made with a dreadful celerity. My father redoubled his caresses, Heraldi loaded me with presents. —The deed was signed, and I was led to the altar.

With forced indifference I pronounced the painful vow, and after the service left the choir, followed by my family. Heraldi, who could not contain his joy, held my hand, and we slowly marched towards the church door, when, as I advanced to take holy water, I raised my eyes, and beheld a youth, pale and disordered, leaning against a pillar. His eyes were wildly fixed upon me, he approached, and cried, in a faultering voice, "I desired to see you accomplish your horrid crime, Valeria; I have seen it, and am resolved to die!"

He said, and disappeared. I had fainted, I was unconscious of what became of me. Scarcely recovered from a long illness, I relapsed into the most dangerous state. I was continually delirious; the disease rapidly encreased, and after a paroxysm of sixty hours, I experienced a sudden weakness, and expired in my mother's arms. That affectionate parent nearly followed me into the grave; my father was in despair; Heraldi lamented the loss of my fortune, but all in vain. I was folded in a shroud, and carried with great pomp to the family vault in the aisle of the cathedral; my coffin was placed on long iron bars, the stone of the vault was replaced, and I remained in the abode of death.

Wild with despair, and thinking himself my murderer, Octavian formed the project of descending into the vault and terminating his existence on my tomb. The evening of my burial he prevailed, through the power of money, over the sexton of the cathedral to accompany him to the church. Furnished with a dark lanthorn, they raised the stone and descended the steps. As soon as Octavian perceived my

bier, he rushed towards it, burst it open, and tearing the veil that covered me, kissed my faded lips.

O! miracle of love! Octavian's soul recalled mine; my mouth, tenderly pressed by his, breathed a sigh; he felt it, clasped me in his arms, tore me from the coffin, pressed and warmed me on his panting heart; mine awoke to life a second time; I made a slight motion; enraptured with joy, Octavian ascended the steps with his burthen, gained the church door, which the sexton opened, and flew to the house of his father, where I was put to bed, and received every possible assistance.

When I opened my eyes, they met Octavian's fixed with anxious joy upon me; his father was at his side, accompanied by a physician, who answered for my life. I cannot describe what my sensations were: I seemed to awake from a long dream; I was not conscious of my existence, but I knew Octavian; I could not speak to him, but I found pleasure in beholding his features. Three days and three nights scarcely restored me to the use of my faculties; when at last the rest I tasted, and the food I took, made me slowly recover my senses. My recollection returned, I remembered my mother, my marriage, the place where I had seen my lover. I was soon able to listen to Octavian, and to hear from his mouth what had happened to me. The idea of his inconstancy and marriage rushed upon my weakened imagination, and I mentioned his nuptials with the daughter of Gen. Laudhon. Octavian thought I was delirious; the General had no daughter; Octavian had arrived from the army, he was not a Colonel, nor had he passed through Vienna: but having with difficulty obtained leave of absence, uneasy at receiving no letters from me, he had hastened to Florence, bearing a letter from his General which recommended him to the notice of the Grand Duke. He was alighting when he saw me going to church; he had followed me to the altar, and in his grief had resolved to reproach me with my perjury.

I now understood that Heraldi, in concert with my father, had invented that horrid tale, and intercepted my lover's letters. No crime in my eyes equalled the shameful means which Heraldi had too successfully employed: and I was the wife of that monster? to him I was condemned to consecrate my days! That idea plunged me into despair, I regretted my tomb, and wished myself once more in its peaceful bosom.

"Do not fear, my dear child," said the old Orsini; "I come from the Grand Duke; I gave him myself the letter of our brave Laudhon, and related your history. That generous Prince takes you under his protection: he has written to the Holy Father to have your marriage broken, and I have no doubt but it will be annulled. You are dead to Heraldi, you live for Octavian, and religion and justice will know how to defend you against your tyrants. I have one favour to ask of you, which is, that no one may see you, or know our secret, before the courier's return from Rome; your peace, your happiness depend on this precaution."

Hope returned with these words; I promised what was required of me, and swore I would follow his advice. Octavian was with me. He spoke of his love, of our marriage, and future happiness. My health was fast recovering, and in a few days all that remained of my past sufferings was a paleness which you now perceive—dreadful remains of the tomb, which nothing has been able to alter.

At last the time drew near, and the courier was expected to return from Rome, when an extraordinary event nearly overthrew all our designs.

We were in the holy week, and I grieved in secret, not to be able to go to church in those sacred days, when penitence appeases the wrath of a forgiving God. I dared not mention to Octavian the desire of my heart, but I resolved, notwithstanding the dangers that threatened me, to fulfil so sacred a duty. I took advantage of an instant when I had been left alone, wrapped myself in a large black cloak which concealed my face, and on the Holy Thursday stole out at nine o'clock in the evening. I bent my steps towards the Cathedral, which I found crowded with people; who in profound silence, their eyes bent to the ground, prayed before the altar where the consecrated wafer was deposited. The altar was lighted with a prodigious number of wax candles, while the rest of the edifice was involved in darkness. Concealed behind a pillar I addressed my prayers to the Saviour of the world, and entreated him to watch over her whose only hope was placed in his power and mercy.

Before I left the church, I felt a great desire of visiting the place where I had been buried; but what spectacle struck my sight! I perceived my father and my mother kneeling on my tomb; Heraldi in deep mourning stood by my father, who seemed wrapped up in meditation. My mother prayed and shed abundance of tears; I gazed on her for some time, when on a sudden I saw her lean towards me, lay her hand on the ground, and kiss the cold marble of my sepulchre at the same time she pronounced my name. I could no more restrain my emotions; I fixed my lips on her hand, and sobbed aloud.

The veil that concealed my face was drawn aside by the motion, my mother raised her eyes and recognized her daughter; she uttered a loud scream, called upon me, and extended her arms.

My father and Heraldi knew me also; the last advanced towards me, and was going to lay his hand upon me; I was lost when love inspired me. "Stop," cried I, with a voice which I endeavoured to render terrible, "respect after her death the woman you deceived during her life. You alone were the cause of my death: fear the just anger of heaven, and repent!"

I said; and while Heraldi, frozen with terror, listened without daring to move, I covered my head with my veil and walked slowly towards the church door. The crowd gave way before me, and I gained Orsini's house without having been discovered.

The next day it was publicly reported at Florence, that my ghost had appeared in the Cathedral, and had been seen by a thousand witnesses who knew me. It was added, that having pushed my husband with my hand, my fingers had left five fiery marks on his shoulder. Others declared, that I came to demand justice and accuse Heraldi of murder. The people murmured against him; he was followed and insulted, stones were thrown at him, and his life was in danger.

The courier returned at last, and brought the brief from the Pope which annulled my marriage, as contracted by fraud. The Duke sent for the old Orsini, and agreed with him upon the measures to be adopted; and the next morning I went to the palace, accompanied by Octavian and his father. The Prince received us with great affability; and when it was announced that, according to his orders, my mother, father, and Heraldi were arrived, he concealed us in a closet, whence I heard him address my father in these words:

"Strange means, Sir, have been used to marry your daughter to a man she could not love. Your repentance has avenged her wrongs, and the tears I perceive in your eyes satisfy me I have no need of reproaching you with your cruel behaviour towards her. Death has broken those fatal ties; and if by a miracle, which the people believe, your daughter enjoyed again the light of day, her marriage would be void. Here is the brief of his Holiness, which declares it so; chuse, then, Count Heraldi, either to begin a law-suit against me, or to sign a renunciation of your fraudulent rights, and depart immediately for Vienna: my protection will follow you there; and you will restore tranquillity to my capital, where your presence excites disturbance."

Heraldi made his renunciation in the terms dictated by the Grand Duke. Then taking leave of his Imperial Highness left Florence immediately.

"This is not all," said the Grand Duke to my father, "your daughter lives;" a scream from my mother interrupted him, "you will see her again," continued he, "but your daughter cannot live happy unless she becomes the wife of the young Orsini. It is he who tore her from the grave; it is in his house that she is: gratitude, paternal love, Valeria's fame, compels you to consent to that marriage. If my prayer adds weight to those powerful considerations, I ask Valeria for Octavian; he deserves her; he has obtained the esteem and friendship of General Laudhon. Consent to this happy union, and I promise a regiment to your son-in-law, and will obtain for you the order of Maria Theresa."

My father did not hesitate an instant; and my mother, bathed in tears, asked to see her darling child. I could not wait any longer, but opened the door and rushed into my mother's arms.—The joy of my parents was as violent as their sorrow had been; they pressed me to their hearts, and loaded with caresses Octavian and his father.

We all threw ourselves at the feet of the Grand Duke, and were at a loss for words to express our gratitude. My nuptials were celebrated in his palace; and since that moment I have endeavoured to please my husband, and the venerable Orsini, who loves me as his own daughter. My father restored me to his love, and my days have glided away embellished by friendship, love, and gratitude; and I give thanks to Heaven for having withdrawn me for a short while from the world, that I might enjoy uninterrupted happiness.

ON THE MEANS OF PROCURING PLEASING DREAMS.

If the developement of the means of obtaining during sleep some of the pleasing enjoyments of day, were a subject incapable of engaging the attention of the favourites of fortune, I would turn to the more numerous class of mankind, and would address myself to the unfortunate, convinced that in a circumstance so interesting to them, the organs of their senses would be, if I may use the expression, all ear. Every one knows that a great portion of life is occupied by sleep, but every one cannot inform us how we may procure sensations not merely pleasing, but so delicious that they frequently surpass those of our waking moments.

In the outset of a subject which cannot fail to excite curiosity, I shall assert that exercise, tem-

perance, and cheerfulness are the three points on which we ought more particularly to insist as they are the regulators of health the most proper for that kind of sleep which is attended with the best dreams. A repast at all copious ought always to be preceded and followed by exercise; the stomach receives from it increased energy, which renders its actions on alimentary substances more efficacious. These, taken in moderate quantity are more easily digested; the body is the lighter, the mind more cheerful, and all the functions are performed in a more agreeable manner. Sleep, in this case is natural, seldom disturbed; and the strength is recruited in much less time. It is very different when the state of indolence produced by excessive wealth is accompanied with the inconveniences arising from luxury in food; 'Tis then that the nightmare suddenly oppresses the grand springs of vital operations; a scene of horror is displayed to the soul; the sleeper tumbles from precipice to precipice; he is attacked in the midst of a thick forest by ferocious beasts, or bands of assassins; the infernal spirits appear, in every variety of form, and threaten him with their utmost fury.

It has been observed that since we have begun to dine at the hour when our grandfathers supped, and go to bed at the time when the mechanic is rising to his daily labour, apoplexies and other lethargic affections are less frequent, from this simple reason, that we give the stomach the necessary time and means to get rid of the weight with which it was overcharged. The pleasures of society keeping people awake after their repast till the approach of day, they are not without their utility, inasmuch as they facilitate the digestion of alimentary substances which they may have taken in too great quantity. Thus the habit of taking no supper has cut the root of many maladies which had been introduced among the great during the last century, by the perfidious art of their cooks.

After temperance and exercise comes cheerfulness, which we consider as the third condition necessary for the end to which I propose to lead such as are desirous of making the most of that nullity into which man is plunged by sleep. Cheerfulness proceeds from that happy mixture in which the elements of life are combined, in the manner best calculated for forming a series of regular actions, necessary for the proper conversion of the chyle into blood. It animates persons of sanguine constitutions, who have dreams of long continuance, accompanied with a variety of pleasing circumstances, which this happy combination alone can produce. It directs the imagination towards agreeable objects; expanding all the branches of sentiment, it affords access to those which, having delighted them during the day, still have sufficient force to reproduce themselves at night under the various forms with which illusion is capable of clothing them.

Having satisfied the three points above mentioned for obtaining sound sleep, it is necessary, in the next place, to turn our attention towards the atmosphere of the place in which we sleep. The aliment of day is composed of substances, on which the stomach and the intestines operate at certain periods, for the purpose of extracting juices that may repair the loss of those consumed in the operations of life; but that of every hour, of every minute, is the air, which being received into the lungs is there digested as food is in the stomach, and being reduced to the minutest particles filtres through the pores to the blood, which it proceeds to vivify. We are extremely scrupulous in the choice of the food that covers our tables, on account of the diversity of sensations which it produces on the organ of taste, before it reaches the place where it is to be digested; and we manifest the utmost indifference with regard to the other which has no taste.

I would therefore call the attention to this subject, and would advise the reader never to sleep in a confined place, incapable of admitting a current of air, and still less in beds which luxury adorns with costly draperies, calculated rather to gratify the eyes of those who are out of them, than for the health of the persons to whom they are intended to afford a medium of repose. Natural philosophers have remarked that boiling water cannot acquire a greater degree of heat by an ebullition raised to its *maximum*, as long as the particles in contact with the air find means to escape. The same observation may be made with regard to the putrefaction of living bodies, into which it finds a difficulty to insinuate itself as long as the putrescent particles can be expelled from the domain of life. Nature has provided means of refining, by placing on the surface of the body, and particularly in the lungs, a sieve, the vast extent of which exceeds belief. But if man counteracts his providence, by remaining too long in a close place, the particles of a bad kind which are re-absorbed, vitiate the humours in circulation, and may thus occasion unquiet slumbers, and even pave the way to diseases, the consequences of which may be the most dangerous.

It has been calculated that each person requires four quarts of air in a minute; hence it is obvious what time would be required to render deletrious the air of a close room, of a given size, like the Black Hole at Calcutta, where so many individuals perished in the most excruciating torment. It is related in a bible, but not the Septuagint, that Methusalem was accustomed to

sleep under the canopy of the heavens, having no other roof to shelter him from the inclemency of the seasons. This choice of a patriarch who lived nearly ten centuries, composed of years each containing 365 days and six hours, so we are told by Saci, shews how attentive he was to employ the means proper for prolonging their course. He was nearly five hundred years old when an angel descended from heaven to give him instructions how to lengthen his life, and cried:

"Arise, Methusalem, arise! build thyself a house, for thou hast only five hundred years to live." But Methusalem, weary of being numbered among the living, replied to the messenger from above—"If I have only five hundred years to live, I have no occasion to build a house; I shall sleep just as well in the open air, as I have hitherto been accustomed to do."

As stagnated air, saturated with the principles of perspirable matter, is no longer proper for new absorptions, it follows that this matter, with all its deleterious properties, settles upon the skin, and produces in delicate persons an intolerable itching, which wakens them in the midst of the soundest sleep, the sweets of which they again court in vain; they turn on this side and on that, in an atmosphere which cannot fail to be pernicious. In this case the inconvenience is speedily removed, by throwing aside the bed clothes, to give free access to the air, which then attracts the perspirable matter from the skin, which is surcharged with it.

As it is impossible to be too precise in the advice relative to the sleep most proper for procuring agreeable dreams, I shall give the following directions, the efficacy of which, in such cases, has been demonstrated by experience.

1. To take but a light supper, that the actions of life which take place towards the stomach during digestion may be as favourable as possible to those which are passing in the brain at the time of the formation of dreams.

2. To sleep with a light covering, in a spacious place, and on a bed that is rather hard; the observation of this precept is attended with two advantages; on the one hand, there will be collected on the skin a less quantity of the excrementitious fluid which is then diffused through the atmosphere; and on the other, the coolness of the air occasions a derivation towards the head, which is the seat of the activity necessary for the production of dreams.

The third rule relates to the position of the head, which should be placed on a bolster that is rather hard, preferably to a soft pillow, which might make it too hot, and it ought to be covered only with a thin night-cap. As we ought to endeavour to render the circulation as easy as possible within the head, it ought to be kept at a moderate height; and it is better to sleep on the right side than on the left, for reasons which anatomists alone are capable of understanding.

I have now arrived at the most difficult point of this difficult subject, when quitting sleep I must speak of dreams in such a manner as to perform my task as well as possible.—A dream is a tacit reminiscence of the circumstances that have engaged our attention during the evening, the elements of which scattered in the still unknown regions of the brain, are collected under that form with which the mind pleases to clothe them during sleep. It is an active chain, the links of which, dispersed here and there, want only a power to bring them together, and to unite them in order to produce a continuity of actions. That this business may be performed in a proper manner, the power which collects them should not be disturbed in its operations, and the links to be collected should not meet with any obstacle in their movements; and to this object tend the preliminary precepts which have been already given. But as the action is wholly internal, and the will contributes nothing towards it, we ought to direct our attention towards the place where it operates, for the purpose of enlivening or checking it, as circumstances may require.

There are persons who seldom dream; without first endeavouring to ascertain whether they are capable of thinking, I will assert that, by studying various constitutions, we soon discover that the phlegmatic and inert texture of their brain is the cause of it. The charms of the evening's conversation with friends in good spirits, especially when accompanied with bumpers of the warm and aromatic liquor, the use of which has been diffused from the shores of the Thames over the rest of Europe, cannot but be very favourable, inasmuch as it produces gentle oscillations in those regions where the operations necessary for the production of dreams take place.

There are others in whom the rarity of dreams proceeds from a contrary defect; the sensitive organ in them is too dry, and ill adapted to the soft undulations of memory, a failing which is remedied by various medical applications which increase the radical humidity.

The middle state, in which the fibres possess all the energy necessary for life, is therefore that which ought to be procured by those who wish to have pleasant dreams. Every thing being favourable on the part of the mind as well as the body, if the gentle murmur of a brook, the soft

sound of a flute, the sweet modulations of a female voice, the chirping of birds, separately shake the medullary texture, the first link of a sensation of the same kind that receives activity from it, will communicate it to the succeeding, and these in their turn will produce a consonance of action in the next, where different sensations have been passing. From the result of all these secondary sensations, kept within the bounds of a just regularity, will arise those agreeable scenes which constitute the dreams which every one would be desirous of prolonging. If the movements pass on in a rapid manner, and by fits and starts, their result will be perceptions, so much the more disagreeable in proportion as they are discordant. Every dream is therefore a secondary perception, proceeding from the emotion of a region of the brain on which a sensation has previously operated. From this assertion it follows, that to be a great dreamer a person must first have the store-house of the memory well furnished, and long fix his attention on an object capable of powerfully engaging the mind. I appeal to those who, like myself, having frequently shifted their habitations, have not always lain upon a bed of down, but who, free from care, have been able to recollect a dream which made a deep impression upon them; they will acknowledge that the origin of this dream was very often a lively sensation.

Being convinced of this truth by experience, I would advise all those who wish to have pleasing dreams, to impress their minds on retiring to rest with some gay and agreeable idea, and to dwell upon it till they fall asleep. If they observe the precautions we have given relative to the position of the body, it is scarcely possible but that the first emotion which generates a dream will relate to that idea or one of its accessories.

As gold increases the number of the means possessed by the rich, I would advise them not to retire to rest withont the soft vibrations of wind-instruments. The history of the happy man of this class will long record that of the Sybarite Beaujeon, who caused himself to be rocked in a hammock by two handsome women, in the midst of an atmosphere proper for regaling his smell, and thus procured nocturnal enjoyments incapable of compensating the loss of those which were denied him by day. But that the last ideas impressed on the sensorium come uppermost in dreams, is what the old women in the country are themselves ready to bear witness; they know that at night when their children have been listening to tales of murder, or the feats of some robber, it seldom happens but that some one of them has a tragical dream. Thus the last sensation, which may be considered as the parent of the dream, frequently determines its kind, and is sufficient to move by degrees the whole chain, the continual shaking of which furnishes the illusions of the night.

Those who dream often, know that there is not always a well-marked continuity in the series of ideas which arise; that gusts of perceptions are succeeded by eclipses which are themselves soon followed by emotions more peaceful and more connected. It is those dreams that are the most difficult to be recollected; because several links of the chain being broken, the chasms cannot be filled up by the action of the memory. Dreams once begun continue till the moment when the operation from which they originate has ceased, or when the extent of the space to be traversed stops the communication of the emotions. The sleep then continues as it began, without preception, till a new action takes place and a new dream begins. A spontaneous change in the position of the head, which occasions another in the circulation of the blood towards the interior, is sufficient to produce this effect.

A dream likewise ceases upon awaking when the soul is powerfully affected, as in cases when you dream that you are on the brink of a precipice, or imagine yourself in the arms of some dearly beloved object; the shock which is then communicated to the most excitable senses, recalls man to himself, to the sensation of joy or grief, according as he has been agreeably or disagreeably affected. The act of awaking dispels dreams, and brings back the diurnal sensations which occupy more advantageously the laboratory where the elements of thought are fashioned during the day.

Accordingly, with persons of an ardent imagination life is composed of two periods, one of which is occupied by truth, and the other by illusion. Supposing, as M. Formey, a French writer, observes on this subject, that the duration of dreams is equal to that of the night, and that the chain met with no interruption, it might be doubted whether the reality or the illusion were most capable of contributing to our felicity, and we might be led to ask which is the most happy, the Sultan, immersed all day in the delights of his seraglio, and tormented by frightful scenes at night, or the most wretched of his slaves overwhelmed with labour and with blows during the day, but who passes nights of rapture in the company of the Houries?

The above details relative to sleep, the most proper for the formation of dreams, to the origin and the development of the last, and to the manner of rendering them as pleasant as possible, present a doctrine as probable as the obscurity of

the subject admits of; but supposing we have reached the sanctuary in which the greatest mysteries are performed, in vain we shall have disclosed that, which in every age has merited the attention of the greatest philosophers, in vain those whom interest guides would seek to derive advantage from these precepts, if they have not in the first place procured that state in which they may be most successfully applied, I mean the state that results from a conscience void of all reproach.

X.

ALZADIN:

OR,

THE MAZE OF LIFE EXPLORED.

[*Continued from Page* 76.]

At that instant the lofty doors were slowly unfolded, and the sublime Commander of the Faithful, the powerful Sultan of the East, stood on the marble threshold. This was the chamber of his rest when, refreshed by the perfumed waters of the bath, he came to seek retirement and peace. There he listened often to the solemn breathing of meditation, and swelled the note of prayer: and oft cool slumbers stole upon his senses, while dreams of delight, lingering amid the bowers of the past, shed from their waving wings the dews of memory upon his brightening soul. But his hour of peace had fled, like the light summer breeze that sighs before the storm; care rufled his features, and darkened the lustre of his countenance; he cast a pensive look upon Alael, and no ray of surprise beamed in his eye. "Omar," exclaimed he, addressing the unrevealed angel, "have the dictates of my will been heard with obedient ears? have the children of the faithful grasped the scymetar of death, and spread the fame and glory of our holy Prophet among the blind tribes of error and ignorance?"

"Son of the powerful," answered Alael, prostrating himself on the marble pavement at his feet, "whose smile sheds life and bliss on true believers, whose anger shakes the thrones of heathen rebellious nations; joyful sounded the voice of thy command in the ears of thy people: they rushed to arms, and the earth shuddered at the threatening thunder of their battles. But wherefore do clouds of care roll over thy darkened brow? the arm of the Prophet has crushed the enemies of his holy law, and yet sighs are frequent in thy breast, and the light of gladness has forsaken thine eyes?"

"Mesrour," replied the Sultaun, "sunbeams oft gild the cloud in whose dark bosom swells the storm! the shouts of triumph are pleasant, but the cheering voice of happiness is sweeter still to my soul. Alas! it sounds no more to gladden my heart; the garden of human felicity unfold no fresh blossom of pleasure; and the brightest flowers my hand delighted to cull have all withered away; they shone awhile, and faded like the stars of night when the wing of darkness shrouds the brightest of their brows, and the gloom of destruction surrounds the bewildered wanderer. The bloody smiles of conquest, the rays of glory that blaze afar over the field of death, cannot awe into silence the voice of boundless desire that calls for new bowers of bliss, and fresh-flowing streams of delight. I grasp the sword of power, the robes of grandeur infold my limbs, and nations bow obedient before me; but Friendship bends her lonely footsteps towards the cottage of the poor, and denies me her cheering smiles; Love mocks the ruler of empires, and flies on the swift pinions of hope to lands of liberty and promised enjoyments!"

"Let not the flower of eastern wisdom," answered Alael, "yield to the baneful blast of disgust, and droop withering on the soil of discontent. Has Hope lost her thousand hues and soothing notes? behold, she points to a path untrodden before, and little known by the children of men. Follow me, Commander of the Faithful, I will unlock the gates of true happiness, and the pure joys of virtue will flow refreshing to thy soul. But grant, O son of the Prophet! the request of thy slave; let the youthful companion of his toils, descend into the gardens of thy pleasures, it is there the voice of the Prophet has declared the veil of blindness should be torn from thine eyes, and the burning thirst of thine heart allayed. O Son of the Prophet, grant the request of thy slave!"

He said; and like the morn peeping from her cloud of mist, his brightening eye flashed forth celestial glory. As the bending bough that sighs to the rushing blast, the lofty soul of the monarch yielded to the resistless impulse of heaven, he nodded assent, and descended the marble steps that led to the orange walks and myrtle bowers of the blooming Eden of the Se-

raglio. Alael and Alzadin followed the path of his footsteps: silence hovered around them, and the pale beams of meditation softened the sparkling lustre of their eyes.

The blushing flowers of spring shook their youthful heads in the breeze of morn, and spread their wild luxuriance of beauty over the thickening verdure that clothed the lawns, while their dewy breath perfumed the gale, and ravished the senses of man. The eyes of majesty alone wandered unmoved amid the living treasures of nature. In vain the rose, the love of the bard of the night, whose charms inspired the nightingale's melting lays, unfolded her virgin bosom, her timid blush awoke no glance of admiration in the monarch's eye. But thou, Alzadin! thy heart kindled with delight, and in the timid blushing flower that concealed her brow amidst the thorn, thy ardent imagination beheld the youthful virgin of thy love, the fairest of Georgian maids, the blooming Zalmaida, clinging to her mother's breast, and hiding in her clasping arms the lively glow that betrayed the emotions of her soul, when thy lips pronounced the oath of eternal love! and where, Alzadin, does the maid pour the dew of grief, and mourn for thy absence? What vale resounds with thy name beloved? What hill lifts her above the clouds of heaven to watch thy returning footsteps?

But hark! is it the voice of the genius of the grove that moans at the dark gathering of a storm? plaintive flows the murmuring sound; it is like the melancholy strains that saddened the radiant seraphim of heaven, when the angel of power drunk with the wine of pride and disobedience, rebellious Eblis, fell precipitate from the throne of the only one, for ever banished from the blissful plains of paradise, and bent under the weight of Almighty wrath.

The mournful sound arose from the shady bosom of a bower that crowned the swelling brow of a neighbouring hill. Alzadin heard it as the voice of times that are past, when it sighs on the soul of the lonely son of prayer, and awakes the slumbering eyes of memory. Wild were the emotions of his heart, the light of expectation flashed from every glance, when he rushed towards the bower of complaint; but the commanding voice of the Sultaun repressed the rapidity of his steps, and obedience checked the burning ardour of the youth.

"Nations acknowledged my sway," exclaimed the bursting grief of the monarch, "and the whispers of my will were heard with obsequious reverence, as the thunder of heaven when its awful voice proclaims the wrath of God. No lip uttered the words of censure; and the bright stream of praise rolled its tributary waters around the tree of my pride. But now the lord of nations is insulted by the rebellious clamours of ingratitude and treacherous friendship. The worm, raised by my protecting hand from the dust of humility, warmed with the beams of wealth, and fed with the luxuriant foliage of pleasure, now refuses to spin the silken cord of happiness for his imploring monarch. As the bird of spring, whose strains of harmony hail the first sunbeams of a cloudless sky, but trembling expire on the swelling blasts of an approaching torm, the deceitful seducer of my bosom poured the song of gladness, while the star of happiness looked down upon me from her celestial path; but when the lightening of desire flashed across my soul, and the gloom of disappointment lowered upon my eyelids, he shrunk back with silent terror, and denied the boon of felicity which his hand could bestow, or the arm of my power tear from his rebellious grasp."

"I hear the groaning voice of complaint," exclaimed Alael, "it floats on the sighing gale that waves the yielding boughs of the bower of the hill. Thy heart, O Sultaun! is not the only dwelling of woe; the bosom of man is always open to the unwelcome guest; but virtue can turn the frowns of his rigid brow into the peaceful smiles of patience and resignation. Listen to the melancholy sound of thy brother's grief, it will soothe thy pangs, and breathe tranquillity into thy troubled soul. It will be soft and pleasant as the voice of man to the wanderer of the seas, when his ship has sunk beneath the storm of night, and buffeting the roaring anger of the waves, he feels the rising shores of lands unknown, hears the well known call of his friend, sole companion of his unexpected escape, and learns that Heaven has not left him solitary on the rocks of darkness, fear, and desolation.

[*To be continued.*]

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT CONSIDERED.

PRINCIPLE is the foundation of virtue as well as the ground-work of knowledge; it must, consequently, have truth for its basis; for where truth is not to be found, it will be in vain to search for principle. Every action that is truly meritorious is the effect of a disposition governed by a principle that is intrinsically good, and may with ease be traced to the root from whence it sprung; but many actions have the appearance, and wear the form and character of real goodness, which cannot be traced to any virtuous origin. Actions of this description are only nominally, but not radically good. Of this kind are many of those actions, and much of that conduct which proceed from sentiment; for sentiment appears to have nothing in its nature of a permanent and consistent texture. Unlike principle, which remains ever the same, sentiment is subject to a variety of changes as difficult, in many respects, accurately to describe as correctly to account for. Oftentimes sentiment is the offspring of the imagination, the child of whim, the slave of passion, or the mere plaything of opinion. It commands sorrow from circumstances of a suppositious nature; it excites joy from contemplations of the most visionary kind. Simpathy, compassion, and judgment are on many occasions subservient to the dominion of sentiment. The man of sentiment is as feelingly affected by a pathetic relation of an imaginary calamity, which never happened, as by a description of a real one, similar in all the circumstances of narration. Destitute of principle, if furnished with sentiment, he can weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice; he can become all things to all men, as far as externals can be recognized. The feelings of the moment, warmed by passion or irritated by prejudice, are the feelings of the man of sentiment; in his estimation, characters, actions, and conduct, are decidedly good or bad at first view, by an instantaneous conception of his own, independent of any reference to principle, of any assistance from reason, of any advantage from knowledge, or any correction from judgment. He hears, he sees, he feels and decides for himself and the world; and has more of contempt than respect for those whose opinions being different from his own, are the result of much experience, of deep research, and profound observation.

Novelty has charms; but the charms of sentimental novelty are of a description extremely dangerous. They warm, they interest the passions, but they chill those active powers and energies of the mind with which we are endowed, for the purpose of just discrimination and accurate decision. In narrations, although unfounded in truth, the man of sentiment can cause the breast to swell with sorrow, or the eye to sparkle with joy. He can congratulate and console with equal ability and address; with equal ease he can excite pity or disgust, and produce admiration or terror! For the unfortunate he can crave the good offices of others without stretching forth an assisting hand himself; his goodness is destitute of solidily; it is a chimera playing on the surface of the brain without descending to the region of the heart; it is a goodness purely sentimental; it is produced without labour, and exercised without discretion; the beneficence of others affords him a smile wherewith to adorn his brow; and sentiment procures him merit in the estimation of others that his own heart cannot recognize, nor his conscience claim. Like the fig-tree, observed by the most penetrating of beings, the appearance may indeed be promising when viewed at a distance, although on a nearer inspection no fruit can be found.

As rational beings, no conduct can constitute a good action either in our own estimation, or in the estimation of the Supreme Being, whatever it may do in the estimation of others, that does not proceed from a good principle, which is at all times the only certain criterion by which we can possibly judge of the very small degree of merit that it is permitted us at any time to lay claim to.

A gift for a charitable purpose, of as large a sum as can be named, is not an act of charity, if it does not proceed from a genuine principle of generosity, benevolence, and love, every way consistent with the precepts of justice, frugality, and discretion. All ostentation, injustice, and extravagance proceed from a depravity of sentiment, which virtuous and sound principles are calculated to correct and eradicate. Actions that are performed for the purpose of being seen, admired or applauded, or because such actions are become fashionable, or because the example has been set by others, can have no rightful claim to a particle of intrinsic merit. Motives like these disqualify the mind for the enjoyment of real goodness, which more particularly delights to exercise its amiable qualities in the circles of private, retired, and domestic life;

where its salutary effects are much more beneficially felt than generally known.

A sound judgment can be influenced by solidity of principle alone; but the superficiality of sentiment is influenced by custom, by fancy, and by fashion, as the tendency of a particular passion may at the moment happen to prevail. The world is frequently and grossly deceived by sentiment. In every age sentiment has very generally been mistaken and adopted for principle. On many occasions it acquires an ascendency over principle that very materially and very extensively injures the truest interests of religion, morality, and social harmony. It gives to cunning the appearance of honesty; and to self-interest the fascinating outline of generosity. To the efforts of childhood, singularly conspicuous rather than extraordinarily virtuous, it distributes unbounded applause and incalculable rewards; while to the persevering and indefatigable efforts of manhood, to a life of studious application, and to years of merited exertion, it is apparently unwilling to call forth a smile of approbation. Great is the number of those who, having unsuccessfully merited reward, wait for death to close the eye of disappointed hope, and heal the wound which the ingratitude of sentiment had inflicted in the heart.

The present is the age of sentiment; it abounds, it predominates; it rages with unprecedented fury; it exalts to heaven by its praise, or it consigns to ruin by its censures, its prejudices, and its prepossessions; it delights in extremes; it is every thing by turns, but nothing with consistency of conduct or permanency of character. Opinion singularly bold and daring are the adopted favourites of Sentiment. Justice is excluded from its councils, and truth from its enquiries. There is a fashion in sentiment which is as changeable as the humours and the dispositions of mankind can render it; a fashion that occasionally triumphs over little minds and weak capacities, and entices them from the paths of discretion and judgment into the labyrinths of fancy and opinion, from which nothing but sober reflection, determined fortitude, and unceasing and impartial investigation, can rescue them.

Principle without sentiment will eventually produce much real good, but sentiment without principle, like promises without performances, or like faith without works, is of little value. It may, indeed, afford some small temporary amusement, but it cannot insure permanent satisfaction. The influence of sentiment to feeble and inconsiderate minds is truly a fascinating influence. It is at once pleasing and agreeable; it carries us imperceptibly beyond the confines of prudence into the regions of visionary excellence and opinionative perfection; or it drives us with merciless impetuosity from the path of reason into the abyss of despair.

Under the influence of sentiment we are always much above or much below what we ought to be. We are generous without justice, or just without generosity; pleased with what he is, the man of sentiment never stops to enquire what he is not. For virtue and happiness mankind was never indebted to sentiment; qualities and acquisitions truly valuable, and essentially serviceable, emanate from principle alone, which is the only soil that can give birth to them. In sentiment there are many gradations of refinement; in principle there are none. Every thing that admits of refinement is subject to injury. Principle rises superior to the influence of the passions or the tide of opinion. Sentiment slavishly submits to the former, bows assent to the latter, and becomes the servile tool of capricious humour rather than an instrument of general utility. The one is the source of all social benefits, and valuable enjoyments; the other is the origin of all chimerical and fantastical pursuits. Sentiment is oftentimes the cloak of hypocrisy; principle never. Sentiment adopts forms of various descriptions; and in every form it assumes every character that the whim, the caprice, the inclination, or the passion of the moment may be disposed to exhibit; it sickens with flattery, or disgusts with censure; it gives to fortune or to accident the rewards of merit, and from the failure of a conduct the most laudable, it not unfrequently withholds even the credit of good intentions. In its decisions it is too hasty to be correct, and too warm to be candid. Ever jealous of its influence, and tenacious of its authority, it spurns at advice, and contemns contradiction. It sees not its weaknesses, it discovers not its errors; its defects are concealed by the darkness of ignorance, or the inactivity of indolence; unconscious of its imperfections it feels not the necessity of removing them; unaccustomed to make the necessay enquiries concerning the first principles of rational conduct, the man of sentiment is right or wrong by chance only, and not by the effect of knowledge or judgment. No part of his conduct can consequently be entitled either to thanks, to praise, or reward; the self-sufficiency of ignorance is of all others the least likely to be conquered; and as the man of sentiment is positive and headstrong in proportion as he is uninformed, it is scarcely to be expected that he will seriously attend to, or suffer himself to be informed or corrected by one whose doctrines and opinions are in direct opposition to his own. Far otherwise is the conduct of the man of principle; having thoroughly examined the ground he stands on, and finding it

altogether tenable, he never quits it in pursuit of novelties; every subsequent step bespeaks a mind determined not to be taken by surprize, imposed on by appearances or declamation, nor deluded by artful misrepresentations, and incorrect inferences. Whatever there is of dignity in man must derive its consequence from his adherence to principle; when he departs from this point there is no other to which he can repair that will insure him equal respect attention, and advantages; the favoured admirer, the faithful husband, the affectionate wife, the dutiful child, the confidential friend, the conscientious patron, tradesman, neighbour, and servant, are all, if under the influence of sound principle, characters of inestimable value; by such characters the world is enriched beyond all calculation. Here neither rank nor elevation, neither honour nor power, neither wealth nor interest, neither the brilliancy of court, nor the dazzling splendour of a throne, can add to the dignity of characters sincerely and truly attached to, and governed by the powerful interest and operation of religious and virtuous principle. To be good and to do good is the glory of man; and those who arrive at the highest pitch of excellence in these particulars, will and must arrive at the highest possible point of intellectual happiness, even in this life, that their nature is capable of enjoying. Even love, the most amiable, the most interesting, and the most powerful of the affections of the mind, unless it be subject to the control and the influence of principle, degenerates into a passion of the most dishonourable species, and counteracts the promotion and destroys the enjoyments of that happiness which it otherwise was so peculiarly calculated to heighten, to prolong, and insure. In truth, every kind of attachment that goes under the denomination of love, and is unfounded in principle, is nothing more than a self-created chimera of a sentimental kind, aided by a warm imagination, the common offspring of a depraved appetite, or the base production of a selfish consideration; the spirit of such a passion will soon evaporate, and be succeeded by the most mortifying indifference. In the evening we retire with the beloved Rachel, but in the morning behold it is Leah.

L— C—.

April 16, 1806.

MISCELLANIES.

SENECA says, that at his time the women wore no less than three pearls in each ear, of such extraordinary value, that the smallest was worth an ample patrimony. Their vanity in this particular was carried to such a pitch that their very shoes were bordered with them. Pearls were always considered by the antients as one of the most valuable productions of nature. They not only formed part of the dress of the rich, but, from a refinement in luxury, truly ridiculous, they were served at entertainments as an uncommon delicacy. Every one is acquainted with the extravagance of Cleopatra, that crowned courtezan, who laid a wager with Anthony that she would consume alone, at a single supper, ten millions of sesterces, about eighty thousand pounds sterling. She actually began with swallowing a pearl worth half that sum, which she had dissolved in vinegar. She was going to do the same with a second, when Plancur, the umpire, seized the pearl, and declared that Anthony had lost. After this too celebrated princess had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, this second pearl was cut and made into two ear-pendants for the Venus of the Pantheon. Thus the half of a supper for this courtezan served to decorate a goddess.—Cleopatra and her lover did not, however, bear away the palm in this kind of insensate luxury. The son of the tragedian, Esopus Claudius, whose father had left him immense wealth, furnished an example of this scandalous magnificence; and the action of the player was greater, if that epithet may be applied to such actions, since it was not provoked by a wager. Cladius wished to have the glory of being the first that tried the taste of pearls; he thought it wonderfully fine, and that he might not enjoy the pleasure alone, he caused one to be served to each of the guests who were at his table.

During the reign of Louis XIV. Colbert perceiving that considerable sums of money were sent out of the kingdom to purchase hair of foreigners, proposed the abolition of wigs and the introduction of the use of caps. Several models were tried before the King; but the company of peruke-makers, alarmed at the utter destruction with which they were threatened, presented to the council a memorial, accompanied with circumstantial details, which demonstrated, that, being the first who practised that new art, which had not yet reached the neighbouring

countries, the value of the wigs they exported far surpassed the money expended abroad, and brought into the kingdom much larger sums than were remitted from it for the purchase of hair. In consequence of this, the project of wearing caps was relinquished.

Frederick I. of Prussia, standing one day at a window in his palace, perceived that one of his pages took a pinch of snuff from his box which lay on the table. He did not interrupt him, but turning round immediately afterwards, he asked, "Do you like that snuff-box?" The page was confounded, and made no reply. The King repeated his question, and the page said, trembling, that he thought it very beautiful. "In that case," rejoined Frederick, "take it, for it is too small for us both."

Moliere said, contempt is a pill which may be swallowed, but which it is impossible to chew without making wry faces.

The Farmer-General, Bouret, possessed the secret of being continually embarrassed, notwithstanding his immense riches. At his death he was but a step from actual indigence. He left debts to the amount of five millions of livres, and died almost insolvent. A splendor and luxury of which it is impossible to form any conception, had reduced him to this condition. He carried this extravagance to such a pitch as to have feed a cow with young pease at 150 livres (7*l.* sterling), a quart, to furnish a regale for a woman who lived on nothing but milk.

Louis XV. at the age of sixteen, was as deficient in gallantry as he was ridiculous for too much of it at fifty. He wept when in informed of his intended marriage with the young and handsome Infanta of Spain; and nothing was capable of comforting him till he was assured that he was not to live with her for a long time to come. On her arrival in France, the King went as far as Bourg la Reine to meet her. He embraced her without saying a word, and returned to Paris to receive her at the Louvre. There he still maintained profound silence, which caused the young Princess to say, that the King was handsome, but he had nothing more to say than her doll.

When the Ambassadors of John V. Duke of Braganza, returned from Scotland, whither they had been sent to negociate a match between his son Francis and Isabel, he made inquiry concerning the person of the Princess, and they replied: She has beauty sufficient, and is likely enough to bear children; but her language is neither elevated nor refined. That is just what I want replied John; and I think that woman learned enough, who knows the difference between her husband's waistcoat and his doublet.

In 1773, an Englishman, struck with the beauty, the accomplishments, and the discretion of a French actress, sent her the following letter: "Mademoiselle, I am told that you are discreet, and that you have taken the resolution always to remain so; I exhort you to keep it. The contract I have sent, secures to you fifty guineas a month, as long as this fancy lasts. Should you happen to change your mind, I will give you one hundred, and request the preference."

A French officer having killed another in a duel, was obliged to quit the service and his country. He retired to Berlin, where the French minister recommended him to the favour of the great Frederick. The officer was presented to him. The King enquired his reason for leaving the service of France. "Sire," replied the officer, "I was one day in a coffee-house at Metz, with several officers of the garrison; I had a dispute with one of my comrades, and said to him, in the warmth of altercation, that he would not hearken to reason any more than a Swiss. A Swiss officer who happened to be present took affront at the expression; he picked a German quarrel with me; we met, and I killed him." "It appears to me," said Frederick, "that you are not happy in proverbs." The King, however soon gave him a commission.

Moliere lodged at the house of a physician, whose wife was avaricious. She wanted to raise the rent of his apartments, which obliged him to seek other lodgings. Vexed at this circumstance, Moliere let slip no opportunity of turning the profession into ridicule. Into his piece, entitled *l'Amour Medecin*, he introduced the first physicians of the court with masks which perfectly resembled the persons he had in view. These were, Messrs. de Fougerais, Esprit, Guenaut, and Daquin. As Moliere wished to disguise their names, he applied to his friend Boileau for suitable appellations. These Boileau borrowed from Greek terms descriptive of the characters of those gentlemen. To M. de Fougerais he gave the name of *Desfonandres*, which signifies killer of men; to M. Esprit, who stammered, that of *Behis*, yelper or barker; to M. Guenaut, who spoke very deliberately, that of *Macroton*; and to M. Daquin, who generally prescribed bleeding, that of *Tomes*, the bleeder.

A lady of much good sense was told that her husband paid court to several handsome women, I don't care, replied she, if my husband sends his heart abroad all day, provided he brings it back to me at night.

Under the kings of the first dynasty the women shaved in France. On the wedding-day the wife was obliged to shave her husband, which was always stipulated in the marriage contract.

A singular contrast, says a French writer, between the manners of our neighbours and ourselves is, that the English esteem modesty in women more highly after marriage, while the French set a greater value upon it before. It seems as if we were more tenacious of innocence and they of virtue. They allow their young females a kind of liberty which is not permitted among us; they think it very natural that young ladies should look out for husbands; whereas we should think it just as strange if they were not to await the choice of their parents, as the English would think it odd for a woman to be unfaithful to a husband who lies down drunk by her side every night. Hold up your head, keep your eyes on the ground, and hold your tongue, were for a long time almost the only instructions given in France by a mother to her daughter, on taking her from the convent to introduce her into the world. In London, on the contrary, a young lady has parties, rides out on horseback with gentlemen, and indulges in coquetry till the moment when marriage transports her to a beautiful country seat to attend to her children, and to read novels of twelve volumes. In France marriage produces an opposite metamorphosis; the timid virgin who durst neither move her tongue, nor raise her eyes, soon learns to make use of both, and soon finds some one to speak to.

A *bon mot* is often productive of fatal consequences. Theocritus had highly offended king Antigonus, who had but one eye; that prince promised to pardon the culprit if he would appear before him. With this condition he refused to comply; but his friends drew him along almost by force, continually repeating, that his life would be safe as soon as he should appear before the eyes of the king. The unfortunate wit, recollecting that the king had but one eye, could not refrain from a *bon mot*, notwithstanding the critical circumstances in which he was placed. "Ah!" said he, "if the safety of my life depends on my appearing before the eyes of the king, I am undone." This raillery was the cause of his death.

The illustrious M. de Malsherbes, in the interval between his two administrations, travelled for the purpose of adding to his knowledge. On one of these occasions, he found at an inn two young officers who were proceeding to the camp which was at that time near Brest. They were conversing on natural history, and M. de Malsherbes, who had bestowed considerable attention to the subject, gave his opinion and the reasons for it, on the question proposed. The officers appeared surprized, that this fat man whose appearance had nothing striking, should thus mingle in their conversation; but they knew enough to be sensible that he was better acquainted with the subject than they, and that he had given them some new information; they invited him to dine with them. The conversation fell upon M. de Malsherbes, and his retirement from the administration. The two officers extolled him as the best minister, and the most to be regretted that France had ever had. Their praises placed M. de Malsherbes in the same situation as Henry IV. with the miller, when the modest coldness with which he spoke of that good king excited a suspicion that he was one of the Leaguers. "Gentlemen," said he, "nobody is better acquainted with M. de Malsherbes than myself; he is a very honest man, with intentions the most upright, but he is not fit for a prime minister." At these words the fat man lost three-fourths of the consideration which his companions entertained for him. Without any regard for his decision, they redoubled their praises of M. de Malsherbes, and his panegyrists declared, that they extremely regretted never having seen or known him. "Gentlemen, he is not perhaps so far from this place as you may think, for I know he is on his way to see his son-in-law, M. de Montboissier, at the camp before Brest." They now listened with some interest to the fat man, who had spoken so ill, but who was so well acquainted with M. de Malsherbes, and even inspired them with the hope of seeing him. "Ah!" if you could but meet with him and introduce us to him!" "Your curiosity, gentlemen, would flatter him much, and surprise him still more." "There is nothing we would not do to gratify it." "You shall not go far for that purpose—Receive his thanks for your obliging illusion with respect to him; it is he himself who has the honour to be speaking to you." "Ah! we might have guessed so; none but he could have spoken of himself with such unjust and excessive modesty." The new friends made an appointment to meet again, first at the camp, and afterwards at Paris, where a friendship begun under such happy auspices was carefully cultivated on both sides.

ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

D'ALEMBERT was the son of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed on the steps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman, who earned a livelihood by her needle; she adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labour, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the instruction he received, so that, like Pascal, he made new discoveries in geometry in his fifteenth year. His name soon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the society of the young student of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at last began to be proud of having given birth to such a son. His foster-mother had been watched, and consequently the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his subsistence. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college, and requested to see the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, and so forth. "I am your mother," said she. "You my mother, madam? You are mistaken, I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He turned his back on her, and never saw her more, but continued the affectionate and dutiful son of the sempstress, and repaid her with interest in her old age, the cares she had bestowed on his childhood.

ON WALKING.

Exercise is necessary, but the constitution of women is adapted only to moderate exercise; their feeble arms cannot perform work too laborious and too long continued, and the graces cannot be reconciled with fatigue and sun-burning. Excessive labour reduces and deforms the organs, destroying by repeated compressions that cellular substance which contributes to the beauty of their contours and their colours. The exercise which women of a middling condition find in useful and indispensable occupations is the most wholesome, because it joins to the natural effects of labour, the inward satisfaction afforded by the accomplishment of a duty: for this reason it is the most proper for filling the soul and for preventing it from weighing too heavily upon itself as it does in those who are ruled by indolence.

Walking, by which indolent people imagine they comply with the general law which dooms us to occupation and action, is not labour, but a recreation from labour: it is productive of none of the effects of the other, as it fulfils none of the conditions of it. This kind of exercise, instead of communicating an equal motion to the whole body, or at least an alternate movement to the different muscles, sets in motion only the lower parts of the body; all the upper remain motionless. The humours to which the former have given a strong impulsion, must experience from the others a powerful resistance, which renders their course irregular and their distribution unequal. There is this farther disadvantage in walking, especially in the solitary walks of persons of infirm health, or of a melancholy disposition, that they afford these persons an opportunity of indulging in extravagant ideas which charm them while they fatigue the faculties of the mind, and in extatic visions in which they delight: so that all the benefit they obtain from this kind of exercise is to return with mind and limbs wearied out, and to fall into a state of inertness more than that which by walking they intended to guard against. If we walk merely by way of regimen, the walk not interesting us sufficiently to raise us above ourselves, permits us to think too much on the motive which led us abroad, and which consequently becomes a subject of contention in the mind, capable of counteracting the effect of such a remedy. Baglivi said, that by thinking too much about digestion, it is impossible to digest all. The same observation may be applied to the other vital or animal functions; we disturb them by thinking incessantly of them. Man requires actual labour, and the most proper would be that which should exercise alike the body and the mind, and maintain a just equilibrium between the mental and physical powers. After such labour a walk would be a recreation equally salutary and agreeable, because, instead of carrying abroad the melancholy and gloomy ideas of indolent beings, we should take with us organs which the impression of labor has rendered more eager after new sensations: it is then that a pure air, a cool shade, and the delicious perfume of the flowers would produce oblivion of past occupations, and transfuse into the soul the strength necessary for supporting new ones.

ON SLANDER.

The homage due to truth has been insisted upon in prose and verse, by ancients and moderns from Seneca to Boileau. All have agreed in thinking Truth extremely beautiful when perfectly naked; but is it possible to veil or to confine her? "Truth" says Cicero, "sometimes escapes from children and from fools in sleep; it is obtained by accident or extorted by violence."

Thre is a class of men, who from time immemorial, tell the truth without being asked; from what injustice is it that the world feels not the smallest obligation to them? Almost all moralists have expressed their indignation against the retailers of slander; but I am almost sure it was because they were not thoroughly acquainted with them. I hope to banish from honest minds the prejudices that have been instilled into them against those who indulge in slander; the good should not conceive an aversion for any individual on the bare word of another.

In the first place, then, as the public good should be considered before private advantage, it is incontestable that the welfare of states depends on slander, and that every wise government keeps slanderers in its pay. In the commerce with the world, it is easy to prove that slander is to calumny, what in the time of our good ancestors, tournaments were to battles. It is a sport equally innocent, born with society, to which it gives motion and life. Slander is arrayed in every colour except that of falsehood; it has its barriers, and the world is its lists. The error of those surly moralists who would absolutely proscribe it, proceeds from their confounding it with calumny. I detest the calumniator, but I claim some indulgence for the slanderer, or at least the liberty to state his rights. God forbid that I should ever take the one for the other; that would be as if you imagined you were caressing a pretty collared snake, which is the friend of man, and were to find under your hand a viper.

I have spoken of the right of the slanderer to indulgence, there are few claims which it is so easy to support. Imagine for a moment that you are on the top of a steeple at London, at Paris, at Vienna, or at Madrid, and that the Devil on two Sticks grants you the same favour as he did to his friend Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo, and shews you some houses in one or the other of those great capitals, for the spirit of society is nearly the same every where. Observe that little circle composed of men of wit and amiable women; all of them seem to listen with great attention to a man who is speaking, with his back towards the fire-place, and the two skirts of his coat turned up over his hips, as is the universal custom in good company. I have no occasion to tell you that this man is retailing scandal; you would guess as much from his tranquil figure; from his cheeks which would swell were we not forbidden to join in the laugh at what we say ourselves; he has all the signs which, according to the elements of physiology, manifest inward satisfaction. Now is it possible that this sweet satisfaction can evince any other than an innocent intention? No; human nature is not so perverse; I appeal for the truth of this to the doctrine of Dr. Gall. Were it otherwise, the features of this moveable mirror called the face, would not accommodate themselves to such deep hypocrisy; an involuntary, visible, tedious contraction would betray in the slanderer the internal conflict of conscience. I read in his tranquil physiognomy, that he has nothing to reproach himself with, nay, he is even satisfied with himself, for he gives delight, and it is not in this age alone that the slanderer, independent of his own approbation, has enjoyed that of others.

I am aware that you will produce the name of John Clopinel, whom the maids of honour of a great queen pursued, rod in hand, for having slandered them; but you must not forget Brantome, who was the first propagator of Scandal of his time. Though he said all he knew of his neighbour, he never owed any person a grudge, nor did any person ever owe him one.

In attacking slander and avenging its supposed victims, moralists have set up for the redressers of wrongs of which these last never thought of complaining. Can it be reproached for the strokes it inflicts, if those whom it attacks forgive them? But what can be said if they congratulated themselves on this score? It is well known that many people like to make themselves the subject of conversation; but to effect this in a certain manner, it is necessary to have talents or good luck, and those who have neither are not less solicitous to rescue themselves from oblivion. Now, every person is not able to cope with the Syracusians, or to strike terror into the satraps of the great king. Many people think you resemble Alcibiades if you cut off their dog's tail. Boileau slandered the cook, Mignot; but Mignot was not displeased with the poet; he gave his address to those who were unacquained with it. Many an author and actor owe their celebrity to some distinguished critic, and are angry with him only out of form. Should

they seriously complain, they who are the spoiled children of slander?

We see then, on the one hand, the severe moralists, the profound investigators of the vices of human nature, fulminating against slanderers; and on the other hand those whom they set up as the plaintiffs not only absolving the defendants, but even confessing their obligations to them. I endeavoured to account for this contradiction, and I think I have accomplished this in a satisfactory manner.

It is possible that slander was formerly a pest equally formidable and fatal; but if we observe its benignity at the present day, we shall be ready to believe, that the same change has taken place with slander, as with various diseases which, as the world grows older, lose their virulence and dwindle into necessary evils. It is now-a-days nothing more than a manner more or less skilful, more or less direct of putting a person forward. Are you desirous of bringing into notice a person in whose welfare you are interested; begin by gaining attention, and this you will easily effect with the aid of a seasoning of slander. The interest is concealed beneath this officious veil; you must take care to let the friend whom you wish to serve, play not the most silly part but the most gay. Slander disposes the mind to curiosity, and curiosity leads to good will, especially among the fair sex; were it not for that interesting part of society slander would be propagated only on great occasions. I am convinced it is from motives so pure, and a profound knowledge of the world, that numbers of people take delight in slandering their best friends.

A ludicrous adventure caused Louis XV. to recollect some time afterwards the name of a man whom a slanderer had not ventured to serve directly. A government became vacant; the King saw upon the list the name which had excited his risibility. "I know him," said he, and the man's fortune was made. Undoubtedly he had as much merit as good luck; but it is sufficient for me to have proved that friendship has not a stronger support than slander.

In this same circle, where it has obtained so much approbation, begin on the contrary to say ingenuously all the good you can think of any person, and you will find that universal silence instantly takes place. It is not the silence of interest; beware of harbouring such an erroneous idea. By observing this silence, which has, however, the same character, the same mute language, I have been led to a reflection really new, and I may say consolatory; for if the part of a sensible observer has its bitters, it has likewise its sweets.

If it be true that at the present day people listen with pain, that their attention is easily diverted, and their eyes roll widely around whenever an indiscreet tongue proclaims merit or virtue; whereas, on the contrary, the philosophers of former ages, Cicero, Seneca, Horace, Quintilian, and many more, not only paid homage to those qualities of the heart, but were desirous that they should obtain universal praise; would not this difference between them and us prove our superiority, and that the human heart, as well as the understanding, is continually proceeding towards perfection.

I am convinced that this disapproving silence proceeds from individual modesty. We can bear to hear ourselves praised in another; or rather that generous confidence which causes us to love our neighbour as ourselves, excites an aversion for praises which would seem to prove the rarity of our understanding merit and virtue. I am aware that I am here strewing the seeds of a new theory, and therefore I affirm nothing positively. I leave metaphysicians to pursue this idea, if they please, and shall return to my subject.

What gifts of heaven have an origin more pure than slander? The daughter of Truth, she tells what she knows; she shews what she has seen; she never tears the veil, but only lifts it up, that the eye may have a passing glance. The principles of slander are so well known, that there exists, as it were, a pragmatic sanction between her and society. Of this Cardinal de Richelieu once reminded his niece very seasonably. She complained to him of a report which had been propagated that she had had two children by a gallant. "My dear niece," replied that great minister, by way of consoling her, "you must know that people ought never to believe more than *half* of what they hear."

It is evident then, that slander is in society what specifics are in medicine. I have proved that she is the auxiliary of friendship, the daughter of truth, the support of empires, the friend of all the world. If gaiety, activity, curiosity, the softer passions are sources of life for the social body, it cannot be doubted that slander, which nourishes them, is of itself an excellent thing. This is an acknowledged truth; but the use of it ought to be modified with a certain degree of circumspection. Too many, I am obliged to admit, indulge in slander. There are some who go to work so awkwardly that no one will listen to them even when they are uttering slander; this proves that it is equally useful and allowable to speak ill of others, but that a degree of skill is required to ensure success.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

INTRODUCTORY TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

[*Continued from Page* 83.]

LETTER II.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

I continue my volume, for a volume of no small size will my letters compose, before the happy moment arrives when the communications of our hearts will be renewed in all the delightful expression of personal intercourse.—This great town is all before me, where to chuse, not my place of rest, for rest there is none, but my subjects of amusement, for your recreation and instruction as well as my own. If there had been time for any acknowledgment of my last letter, I well know that I should have had a paper brimfull of curiosity, with all its interrogatories, concerning Lady Mary ——. This eager epistle is, I doubt not, on its wing to me; and, to say the truth, it does not delight me a little to anticipate its contents. 'Tis a pleasing,—but why should I not elevate my expressions?—it is a noble sensation, which proceeds from the generous conferring of kindness, favours I should rather say, without any application for them. The discerning mind, which knows the precise extent of its power, and can discover, as it were, with a glance, to what point it can be exercised with the most satisfaction, to the blended feelings of our pride and our humanity, has no ordinary pleasure in its grasp. I will not boast very much on the occasion, but I certainly experience sensible gratification to my *affections*, (the maternal watch-word of my heart) in the idea, that, I do not say all your questions, but a principal part of them will be answered at a moment when the dear, dear interrogatress, does not suspect that they are received. This is not taking time, but *affection* by the fore-lock. If I repeat this endearing term again and again, do not imagine, I beseech you, that it is for your sake, but for my own. You are daily, nay every hour of the day, making your offerings at the shrine of it; while I am surrounded with its most powerful enemies. Your Caroline is subject to the open attack, and the secret mine; the pestilence that destroys by day, and the arrow that flies by night. It is true, that I feel myself strong in my defensive powers, and that the citadel which contains them is impregnable; yet I hear of such transformations in the conduct and principles of those who were educated with as much care, and certainly possess as much understanding as myself, that there are moments when I almost tremble at my own dangers, mistrust my boasted resolution, and feel the rising doubts of my own security.

It has been said, by an authority which cannot be disputed, that the heart is deceitful above all things; and what peculiar privilege can I suppose myself to possess, that this potent deceiver should fail in its attempts upon me, when so many appear to be enthralled by it? Is my guardian angel cloathed with superior power? or has it received the charge of a more unremitting vigilance? Alas! mine is the common allotment; but improved, enlarged, informed, and fortified by *affection*; and it is that word alone, with its concomitant feelings, which can save me, or any young woman in my situation and circumstances, from some degree of change in her character, and, I fear, for the worse. I might certainly address myself to higher sanctions; but, without entering farther upon the subject, may I not say that *affection* is among the brightest emanations of them. I have, however, been led away, though the egarement is pleasant enough, by the real talisman, from announcing my proposed symbol of it. I have ordered a seal with no other engraving but the word *affection*, and without any decorative allusion: my next letter to you will be sealed with it. The wax shall bear the title of its contents. But as virtue, or excellence, or decorum, may be rendered more endearing by a display of the opposite qualities, and as our most eminent moralists and divines adopt sometimes the contrasting mode to enforce their opinions on the improvement of the mind, I shall proceed to tell you that I have received a visit from Lady Mary ——, she called it, indeed, a morning lounge, though it was near four in the afternoon; and, considered as a mere matter of curiosity, as a new exhibition of the human character, which it was to me, it was not altogether unamusing. On the stage, as a dramatic representation, it would have been very pleasant; but, as a friend, or even as an acquaintance, to which that superior name is sometimes applied, it was not calculated to exhilarate reflection; and had I been left to myself on her departure, I might have wept over her fashion and her follies:—but the tone of the afternoon was in her favour, and there was so much good humour and languid pleasantry in all she said and did, that I found myself rather disposed to laugh. I think, at this moment, that I hear you exclain, my dear, dear Caroline, where is your talisman? and I answer fearless, that I am writing to you, and under the best operations of it.—But to the subject:

Our gay friend found me alone, and having asked me which was the most comfortable sofa in the room, she laid herself down, with a graceful air, on that which I recommended, and began describing herself *as a perfect fright*; and when I proposed to bring a glass to prove the contrary, she screamed out as if I were going to do her a mischief. She had not only the features, but the most descriptive language of horror at the idea of looking in a glass till she had dressed for the evening, *as she felt herself to be a fright*: nor would hear my consolatory assurances in favour of her good looks. No, no, no! she exclaimed, *I feel myself to be a fright!*—Gracious Heavens! this feeling oneself to be a fright, must be a terrible thing!—Of all the nervous sensations produced by a life of dissipation, this surely must be the worst. At present they are no more than the despairing moments of a *coquette*;—but, what must be her condition, when these moments are become hours, and the hours advance into days, till, at length, time tinges the whole of her life with this melancholy hue.

She now proceeded to give me a history of the last fortnight of her life, if such a hurrying, varying, dissipating, enervating, and fantastic existence, as she described, can deserve that name. It alternately made me giddy, and sick, and sorry; but, believe me, I experienced no contagion; for, through the whole of it, not a word, an expression, a tone, or a look, denoted the least symptom of *affection*. She did not appear to remember her child; she seemed to have altogether forgotten her husband, while she either ridiculed or abused all her friends, with the exception of yourself, and she pitied you. Into what class your Caroline is admitted, no hint, as you may suppose, was given: but my fate, probably, is not yet determined. It is not for me to suppose that I am as yet a decided object either of her pity or her ridicule. It is not improbable but that, at present, I may be favoured with a small portion of both. Her opinions are all of them in extremes: her mind resembles a chess-board; all are black or white; there are no middle tints in her pictures, I assure you. Men, women, or things, are either angelic, or charming, or delightful;—or they are frightful, or odious, or detestable: and all these violent expressions were delivered in such a languid tone, that a stranger who might, perchance, see her in these gentle demeanors, or, as she calls them, her morning moods, would naturally suppose that she was repeating the opinions and the words of some other person. She denominates this state of mind a repose, to recover herself from the toil of her last conquests, and to strengthen her for new victories. The preceeding night saw a legion of admirers in her chains; and the evening that was approaching was to encrease the number of her slaves. The intervening hours formed an interval of renovating reflection on the charming past and the delightful future.

Such was the stile of her conversation: but this was not all, she had taken a fancy to me:—there was something about me, she said, that was full of attraction; and as a proof of her sincerity, she would willingly become my preceptress, and direct my course. That was indeed the object of her visit; and to commence her character, she came to invite me to go with her that very evening to the most charming and delightful party in the world. When, however, I replied, that it was a condition my father had imposed on me, and to which, of course, I most cordially assented, never to go to any party, public or private, but in the company of the lady whose guest I was, she opened her fine eyes upon me, and after vociferating in three different tones *O, la belle Philosophe!* she ridiculed what is called the *Sylvan System*, in a quiet, but at the same time, in such a pointed strain of irony, as actually to disarm my mind of its serious reflections; and to convince me of the real danger of associating with those, who have the art to dress up folly, not to say vice, in these pleasing allurements, and to throw such a veil of ridicule over virtue itself, as to deceive the well-ordered mind, though but for a few minutes, to partake of the mirth produced by such a profane misapplication of wit and fancy. She would not, however, quit the house till we promised to partake of a little family dinner with her the next day; when she took her leave to array herself for the conquests of the evening.

She seems to have been studying French romances, the worst species of sudy in the world, I believe, for any woman, but particularly for those who are wives and mothers, and to have formed her mind and conduct upon them.—Nevertheless, there is something in her air, manners, and chit-chat, that is very amusing, though there is so much about her that it is impossible not to lament;—ought I not, my dear Eliza, to use a harsher term? You will again exclaim, where is the talisman? That, be assured, will never fail to possess and guard my heart, when I think of my dear home, and the still dearer objects which it contains, when I tell them of my heartfelt duty and affection.

I dispatched my last packet to my dearest Eliza on Wednesday, and on Friday I am again at my writing table, to renew my epistolary conversation with her; and though I can do nothing in which you have any concern without those feelings of affection which harmonize our na-

tures, and blend them together. Yet I must acknowledge that this letter is written rather from the surface, than the interior of the heart, from the playfulness of the mind, rather than the influence of the understanding.

But to keep you no longer in suspense, we dined yesterday with Lady Mary ——, according to the invitation I mentioned to you on Wednesday. The party, which was but small, proved very agreeable, perhaps for that very reason. We were the first arrivals, and I insisted upon seeing the child. After some hesitation, and a few very careless observations, a perfect cherub was produced. For my part, I was enchanted with it, took it in my arms, and continued to play with it till some others of the expected company arrived, when this strange mother indulged herself in the solitary remark, that I should have made an excellent nurse for the Foundling Hospital. I could not help laughing at the unexpected ridiculousness of the remark, while the very moment after I could have wept with all my heart at the reflection, that the lovely infant would probably have found more maternal affection among the strangers who govern that asylum for deserted children, than beneath its maternal roof.

Mr. M—— is still in the country, and she treated his absence with the same kind of levity as she had done her child, and which, whatever after-reflections it may create, contributes, some how or other, to the mirth of the moment. In the first place, she was so glad he did not return according to promise, because she was sure that something very pleasant had detained him; and she was so delighted when he was happy. That as for any disagreeable accident having happened to him, she entertained no alarm of that kind. Bad news always travels so fast that she should have heard if any disaster had befallen him long ago. Besides, she added, whenever he is vexed, or ill, or he has met any thing unpleasant in his way, he always comes home directly, which he considered as the greatest compliment he could pay to her. He might find pleasure or amusement any where, and he was in the right to go wherever he could be pleased or amused;—she herself did the same; but he could only find comfort at home; and whenever he really wanted it, home he came, and she always gave it him. If he were prescribed physic, he would take the bitter draught from no hand but her's. Heaven protect the man; it will be well for him if the bitter draughts from the apothecary's shop are the only ones which he is destined to receive for her.

It is very well known, she continued, that when he broke one or two of his ribs, I have forgotten which, by a fall from his horse in Rotten-row, that I stayed at home with him for a couple of weeks, in the prime of the winter, and played, and sung, and read half the novels in Hookham's library to him; in short, I made the time pass so pleasant, that the good humoured creature declared he would, with all his heart, break another rib to pass such another fortnight; that he desired no other society than mine, and that if I would stay at home and amuse him, as I had done, he would not go out again for three months; but there were three words to that bargain. I had for some time wanted a dashing landaulet, and the first day he was permitted to go out we went together to the coach-maker's and ordered it. Nor need I say to any body who knows any thing of the matter, that it is one of the handsomest vehicles of the kind about town; and, to crown the whole, my opposite neighbour, Lady D——, has been literally dying with envy ever since it came out.

In this way does she let loose her lively, and, after all, not unpleasant nonsense, for never did I see society more enlivened than by her vivacity. This I am compelled to acknowledge, though, I trust, it will never prove otherwise to me than a negative example. Indeed I am not altogether disinterested in giving you this sketch of your friend; I wish very much to know, not your opinion, for of that there can be no doubt, but the first feeling of your mind on reading it. For as to myself, you must be sensible, that I am, in my present situation, so prepared for these, and similar exhibitions, by living, as it were, in their very atmosphere, that I cannot quicken myself into serenity in judging of them. It must be from my dearest Eliza, whose thoughts float in the pure region of retirement, and are neither thwarted, shackled, or coloured by the sovereignty of fashion, or the caprices of high life, that I must receive the calm, unbiassed opinion of an unsophisticated mind. At the same time you well know that my heart, with all its fashionable flutters, participates in all your duties; and the venerable being knows it also who is the object of them. All my letters to you must be written with *affection*; but you must perceive that the talisman has been prepared, and that this letter is sealed with it.

H— J—.

THE BEAU MONDE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

[*Continued from Page* 87.]

LETTER SIXTH.

LADY L— IN CONTINUATION.

CONFESS, my dear—don't I tire you to death with my scrawl. I will continue it, however, at the hazard of giving you a fit of the spleen. The visit to our country Rector is paid, and is well worth description. Have you any taste for simplicity and nature? There was a time, my dear Frail, when we both had a portion, the least spice of which in our present condition would be esteemed folly and romance. Now then for a rural scene, ancient simplicity, and a village dinner.

About three o'clock Sir Harry and myself in a sociable drove for the Parsonage, and the distance being but three miles, we soon reached it. The honest Rector came out to hand me from the vehicle, and I rejected Sir Harry's assistance for that of his honest rival. He conducted us immediately into the house, though Sir Harry delayed a few minutes at the gate, and expressed his admiration at the neat elegance of the parsonage; it was really of a most striking simplicity. Conceive one of those cottages you have often seen in a fancy landscape, seated on the brow of a small hill, and this hill green as an emerald; conceive its walls clothed with grape-vines, and its windows scarcely visible through the embosoming foliage; in short, conceive swallows' nests, a thatched roof, and the lawn in which it stands enclosed into a kind of snugness by the surrounding shrubbery, and you will have some image of this elegant Parsonage. He conducted us into a parlour at the back of his house. "I dine," said he, "when alone, at two o'clock; but as you are people of fashion, I shall shew my breeding by keeping you waiting till four. We have half an hour yet:—will your Ladyship walk in my garden?"

We readily accepted his invitation, and followed him through a glass door into the lawn. The garden was as striking as the house; it was very long—two high walls on the east and west, his house on the north, and a stream of water on the south end, contained it. The walls, however, were entirely concealed by trees, shrubs, or vines. By these boundaries it was enclosed from the country without; and being narrow enough to give the idea of snugness, without being so much so as to have an air of huddle or confinement, it presented the most perfect image of retirement and village security.

By how strange and inexplicable a chain are our thoughts linked together, and with how gentle a touch do the chords of the heart vibrate! The tranquil beauty, the calm security, the air of peace and innocence in this village retirement, recalled to my mind the memory of distant days, when I would take in my hand one of my favourite romances, and throwing myself under some overshadowing tree, would fall into an insensible sleep; and following my fancy in its fairy rovings, dream of love and rapture in a scene like this. Oh Frail! I once had feeling! Dear girlish days, why are you so soon fled? Days of innocence and nights of rest, are you indeed fled for ever!—and for what have I exchanged you?

Dear Frail, excuse my nonsense;—what a strange heart have I! I wrote the preceding passage, would you believe it, in tears! some levity has since succeeded, and I am now laughing at my weakness. How stupid is that rule of pedantry which affixes what it calls a distinguishing trait to every character, and decides against all variation from it as unnatural contradiction! It is remarked that historians never err more than in giving a character; they make no allowance for humour and caprice, but impute the most trifling actions to deep and secret causes. If a king is out of humour, he has discovered a plot, though he is all the time, perhaps, fretting at his cook or his mistress; in short, they would fix a man to the straight path, and condemn those deviations which are more natural than a perpetual consistency, as frivolous and absurd.—But where am I running? I hate argument. Let any one take the sentiment, and make the most of it. How I have wandered! I intended to describe a visit, and have run into a stupid episode of fairies and oak-trees, love and days of peace. But to recover my subject.

After our honest host had shewn us his flowers, his choice of pinks and tulips, his bed of violets, moss-roses, &c. &c. a humour that is one of his foibles, he asked Sir Harry if he were not sensible of the pleasures of a flower-garden.—"And your Ladyship," said he, "is not so refined, I hope, as to stop your nose at a violet, or catch a head-ache from gazing at a rose?"

I replied, that it was rather a complaint against

wealth and grandeur, that it could not multiply the senses; not that it deprived us of the use of those we already had —"Well then," he added, "those that enjoy them in full perfection, must delight in a garden. Your Ladyship will forgive my using the name of a philosopher; but Aristotle observes, that the poet is most pleased with his works because he calls, as it were, *new creatures* into being. To plant and raise flowers is, by the same logic, to make a *new creation*. Now, the highest compliment we can pay to your sex, is to dress you finely; we should bestow, therefore, one of the same kind on the mother earth, and shew our gladness for the fertility she gives us, by planting nosegays in her bosom."

We were now summoned to dinner, and sat down to a table as hospitable as neat. I do not know whether it was owing to its novelty, but I relished the simple boiled mutton, the turnips as white as the table-cloth, and the homely apple-pudding, more than I ever did the most fashionable dinner. He made us no apology for the plainness of our entertainment, but turned it into a compliment in a manner of some elegance.—"I have not given you a fashionable dinner," said he, "because I could then have only given you what you could better have at home, nor could I have furnished a dish which you have not tasted before; but in a country dinner you will at least find one dish to your taste—that of novelty; and I am happy to see that you, Sir Harry, do it so much honour."

He had reason in what he said, for Sir Harry really astonished me, so heartily did he relish his dinner. He had the appetite of a schoolboy in the holidays; and the old housekeeper chuckled to see so fine a man eat so much of her apple-pudding.

The dinner over, our host, having first said grace, rose from table, and desired us to follow him into the garden. We obeyed, and he led the way to the middle of it, where was a raised mound, covered with green turf, and on it a kind of arbour around a low oak tree, which arose from its middle. Here a dessert of filberts, apples, pears, and other fruit was prepared for us, and set out with a neat taste on a table covered with a green cloth. From the arbour we could command the whole of the garden, from the house at the top, to the stream at the bottom; and as the afternoon was very fine, you can imagine nothing more pleasant. An odd comparison came into my head. The simple and respectable figure of our host eating dried fruits under an overhanging oak, made me for a moment draw a resemblance between him and one of the ancient patriarchs; and I could think of nothing but Abraham under the palm-tree. The sight of the water still improved the thought, and I was expecting to see a Sarah come up from it with a pail. There is certainly, my dear, something delightful in simplicity; the thought took up my whole mind, and I almost sighed that these were not patriarchal days. Could you have thought that I had a heart capable of such variety of feeling? Yet once I had indeed sensibility, and how was it misused! You shall know some time or another, Frail.

We returned to the house to our tea, and almost immediately afterwards drove home.

Yours, &c. L—.

[*To be continued.*]

COLONEL HOWARD TO CAPTAIN SEDLEY.

Agreeable to the promise I gave my good Sedley at parting, I hasten to forward him by the first packet, some account of my proceedings since my arrival in my native country. After an absence of nine years, you will readily suppose I found our customs and manners had somewhat changed. But as you are anxious for a minute detail of domestic occurrences, rather than the history of our politics or customs, and tell me that the most trifling circumstance relative to that country, near and dear to your heart, will be interesting to you; I shall endeavour to fulfil the preliminaries settled with you at parting, by employing my leisure in collecting, and recollecting, observing and combining, for the amusement of my exiled friend; and while I endeavour to soften the pangs of disappointment, and of "hope long deferred," my utmost interest shall be exerted to procure your speedy return to England and to happiness. Cheer yourself, therefore, dear Sedley! you have encountered and conquered the rigours of a destructive climate; suffer not yourself to be subdued by a more insidious foe! unrestrained sensibility will inevitably sap the foundation of that patience and fortitude, which might otherwise lead to glory and honour. The best affections of the heart, my friend, must be subject to the discipline of the head; or that noble intrepidity of soul by which are accomplished those magnanimous actions, which asto-

nish and delight the world, will be lost in enervating and insignificant pursuits, and glory will supinely repose on the lap of pleasure. But I know you will say that this is the general preaching of those whose hearts are at ease. Not so, my friend; my batteries have been attacked, but I defended bravely, and drove the enemy from the field, with only a trifling injury sustained by my outworks. You are a British sailor, and should therefore be invulnerable. Tell me no more, "that except in one instance you are so;" remember it is the aim of a judicious foe to discover and take advantage of the assailable part. Achilles, you know, was destroyed by an arrow in his heel!—But to quit a subject which has so often formed a part of our personal conversation, I will hasten to tell you, that after a tedious passage of more than two months, I arrived safe in this splendid metropolis, which notwithstanding the burden of heavy taxes, and the scourge of a fourteen years war, seems to rise superior amidst the wreck of nations, and to have maintained its privileges, its opulence, and independence.—Having reposed myself for a day or two in snug security within the walls of St. James's Hotel, I sent for my old tradespeople, in order to modernize my external; and with my slouched hat, high cravat, Brutus crop, padded coat, and rucked boots, I soon exhibited a metamorphosis which would not have disgraced an Ovid.

Having thus acquired the exterior of a man of fashion (that necessary passport to rank, dissipation, and folly), I sallied forth to the habitation of my old friend Sir A. D. in Portman-square I found him surrounded with titled guests, and ministers of the new administration, to which he professes himself a faithful ally. Two years since he is said greatly to have impaired his paternal inheritance, by putting up for the Borough of K———, and after a warm contest he was elected by a majority of votes, which his liberality had procured, and the following session took his seat in parliament. The natural self-importance of his character is not (you will imagine) diminished by this his advancement to the board of honour. He addresses you with a commanding air, and converses in a true senatorial accent, but his eloquence has never yet extended beyond the walls of his own mansion. They tell you a laughable anecdote of him, which was doubtless the offspring of ridicule, and the fabrication of his opponents. On his first taking his seat in the house, he is said to have formed a *maiden speech*, in the delivery of which he expected to rival Demostenes; but it so happened (from what cause is not absolutely declared), that though the speech was transferred from his *head* to the lining in his *hat*, yet the perspicuity of utterance was fled. He rose—essayed to speak—but in vain, and he re-seated himself in silent dismay, without articulating a word.—Some wags, taking advantage of this his unfortunate failure, instantly caused papers to be printed and circulated through the streets of London and Westminster, on the top of which appeared, *the maiden speech of Sir A. D. as delivered this morning in the House of Commons*; the rest of the paper was *blank*; and scarcely had the members been returned to their respective homes before these squibs were cried in all the principal streets of Westminster. The lady of Sir A. D. hearing the outcry, and exulting in the consequence and popularity of her husband, instantly rung for her footman, and desired he would purchase some of the papers of the poor man in the street; he having obeyed her command, immediately presented them to his lady, who, on viewing the *blank paper*, exclaimed with violence—"Why, fellow, you are a fool—you have brought *nothing!*" "No, my lady," drily replied the servant, "it is my master, for he said *nothing*." I give little credit myself to this ridiculous tale, but was told it as an absolute fact. From the library of Sir A. D. I was conducted with much ostentation to the drawing-room of his lady. She received me with an air of assumed affability, and affected that ease and freedom of manners which she had doubtless observed to distinguish persons of high breeding, and which, originating in vanity, is properly denominated proud condescension. She congratulated me on my return to my native country, spoke of my good looks, declared the West Indies had improved me, and that I was considerably more *embonpoint* than she expected to have found me. I bowed low, partly to hide the blushing recollection of my padded coat, which at that time associated itself with the word *embonpoint*. She introduced me to her daughter, who I remember to have left a child when I quitted England, but who was now transformed into a very beautiful and accomplished young woman, evidently educated in all those fashionable accomplishments of the day, but which I fear are too often cultivated at the expence of the head and the heart. I had not an opportunity of discovering how far this opinion was exemplified in the fair Theodora. Her mother seemed anxious only to display her accomplishments, and by the desire of the former she gave several beautiful airs on the harp, which she touched with all the grace of scientific execution. Her voice, with which it was accompanied, was natural sweetness, improved by taste, and cultivated by genius. Her foot, which rested on the pedal, was symmetry itself; her finely turned arm was a model for the sculptor; and her pliant fingers swept across the strings with the swift confidence

of Trepsicore; her attire was of the Grecian order, a style of dress now generally adopted by the fashionable fair of this country, and though the round chubby features, and robust form, to which it is sometimes attached, exhibits rather a grotesque assemblage, yet no attire could better correspond with Theodora's style of features, or the graceful dignity of her figure. She looked a second Cleopatra. Smile not, my friend, at this lengthened description of the attractive Theodora, nor think me taken captive by her charms. I admire a beautiful woman, it is true, with somewhat more warmth than I would a beautiful picture; but it must be united to more solid endowments before it can touch my heart, and personal grace is now so common in this splendid city, that the pure love of novelty alone would lead one to search for the graces of the mind and the virtues of the heart. Having prolonged my visit to this fashionable family beyond the limits which etiquette prescribes to a morning call, I took my leave, and directed my steps to the more humble abode of your Maria. She was seated at her writing table when my name was announced, and her mother (still very handsome) was industriously repairing the ravages which time or accident had made in some part of her daughter's wardrobe. She received me with that unaffected cordiality which is the welcome of the heart. Maria rose with agitation—alternately the rose and lily triumphed in her cheek.

I hastened to relieve her embarrassment, by presenting your letter. She took it in silence; the tear of sensibility, hitherto restrained by decorum, instantly rushed to her eyes, and she hastily quitted the room. Left alone with Mrs. Darnly, our conversation naturally turned to you. She expressed her high sense of your worth; spoke of your having smoothed the pillow of her dying husband; called you the disinterested protector of herself and child; lamented your protracted detention in a country so unhealthy as the West Indies; and added, that she knew not how her daughter would sustain this new demolition of her hopes. At this moment Maria entered; and though she had carefully wiped away the traces of sorrow, yet to me they were discernible in the lucid lustre of her eye, and the glazed glow on her cheek, which was polished with the purity of nature's tear. She rallied her spirits, and attempted to join in conversation; but I saw the effort was painful, and having informed her when the next packet would sail, I quitted this amiable family and repaired to my hotel. I have since passed an evening with them, the only rational one since my arrival in this gay city. I will give you some account of our public amusements hereafter. I shall conclude this epistle with a subject more congenial to your feelings, and honestly tell you, that if Maria Darnly were not *your Maria*, if she possessed a tolerable fortune, with one or two other *ifs* essential to my rational ideas of matrimonial felicity, I really believe I could love her well enough to make her my wife. She is much improved in her person since you left England; to those who admire a striking figure she might be considered as too small; but to me who am fond of every thing feminine in woman but strength of mind, she appears the perfection of symmetry and beauty. In her manners is displayed that correct medium between inordinate vivacity and the cold fastidiousnsss of prudish reserve. In her affections she is all heart, and self is banished at the call of sympathy and benevolence. Her attire is at all times consistent with her general character; it is neat, plain, simple, elegant, and sufficiently in fashion as not to appear particular. Her person is never so exposed as to offend the chaste eye of delicacy, nor so concealed as to appear affected, or ostentatiously singular. The candour of a pure heart, and the charity of a benevolent soul, shine in her general conversation; she would vindicate an aspersed friend against an host of false accusers; she arrests the sly shaft of innuendo by the frankness of her retorts; and towards a fallen sister the censure of silence is accompanied with the sigh of commiseration and pity. Such a creature is your Maria. Cheer you, therefore, dear Sedley, for her heart is all your own! I see it in every action, in her whole deportment. You are, I must confess, worthy of each other; and you may depend, more than ever, on my friendship, to accelerate your promotion, your return to England, and your union with this worthily beloved, and interesting woman.

A card of invitation has this moment arrived from Sir A. D.—a dinner party this day fortnight. I expect an ostentatious display of all that pomp and splendour can collect. I shall go—but were it practicable, would rather take a sober bottle with my friend. I may possibly give you some account of this visit in my next, if in want of a better subject—for the present, good night.

C— M—.

London.

[*To be continued.*]

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

ACCIDENTAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN LIFE, NOT DEPENDING ON OURSELVES.

From a Work entitled "Thoughts on Affectation."

BEAUTY.

AFFECTATION of Beauty so regularly excites the most unbounded ridicule, that it is truly astonishing to see how continually it is practised by the old, the ugly, and even by the most deformed people of both sexes; whose glasses, those never-neglected monitors! so honestly reflect what none but the self-beholder views with eyes of admiration. But honest as the poor looking-glass may be, it seems as if by some enchantment an extraordinary deception takes place, which converts frowns into smiles, death-like paleness into a blooming complexion, and awkwardness into grace. This is assuredly one of the wonders of nature, which never yet has been thoroughly explained or understood, although the fact be sufficiently known, and that it hourly takes place; so that I know not whether we are not bound more to extend our pity than our blame, or our derision, to those victims of an incomprehensible delusion; who, really fancy themselves lovely, only adorn with care charms which elegant attire will in their opinions render still more attractive.

The extreme attention paid to dress and to fashion by the very ugliest of people, nearly justifies the supposition, that they are actually deceived as to their appearance; since otherwise one should imagine no person who was evidently crooked, could like to talk of their form, or choose to wear a dress particularly adapted to the display of a fine figure: yet it has often been remarked that most people with that defect are uncommonly partial to dress and shew, and that a consequential manner in their walk, with a certain pertness in their tone of voice, seems peculiarly affected by them, as if to assume a dignity which nature has positively denied. It sounds almost incredible to say, that an old woman with fiery red hair, addressed a young one, whose beautiful light ringlets curled over a fair complexion, in the following words: "you and I, who have auburn hair." Yet this did happen; and similar instances occur every day, whilst the old and the ugly unmercifully multiply their loads of finery with the most pitiable folly. Nor are the unfortunate objects, as one could wish were the case, so really self-conceited as always to believe themselves handsome, though they vainly imagine that ornament and affectation conceal defects, and that talking of unpossessed beauties deceives those who must be blind indeed, could they not perceive the striking difference between loveliness and deformity, which no additions whatever can make less disagreeable; whilst the splendid dress may, on the contrary, attract a degree of notice to the wearer's ugliness, which would have been overlooked had more simplicity been attended to, with less affectation of that which must be natural before it can be pleasing.

No one ought, it is true, to be proud of beauty; yet it assuredly bespeaks the approbation of strangers, and is so agreeable a letter of recommendation, that I should certainly tax that person with affectation, who, being handsome, should either pretend ignorance of the circumstance, or indifference about what is wished for or aimed at by most people.

Beauty is universally allowed to be a dangerous trial; yet nevertheless those who are modestly conscious of it, may surely with the greatest safety indulge the satisfaction of confessing to themselves their natural advantage, without suffering that satisfaction to run into vanity, or to sink into the affected ignorance of what they know to be fact. But to be so ashamed of ugliness, which being no fault, is no disgrace, as to endeavour to veil it under the mincing airs of youth and beauty, and by adventitious ornaments to gain some admiration for a form destitute of natural elegance, is a folly approaching to criminality, and certainly leading to dangers of which the imitator of loveliness has at first little idea: for how much comfort, and how much health, have ultimately been sacrificed in the affectation, which, after all, no art can obtain. So much does fashion govern all things, that even beauty itself, which naturally appears to be a positive, a self-evident circumstance; to consist in the regular formation of well-turned limbs, and in symmetry of features; yet, submits its pretensions to the arbitrary taste of the times. That which was considered as handsome one year, is not thought so another; and in compliance with the general opinion, people try to appear fat or lean, tall or short, according to the dictates of the ever-varying fancy of the hour! As I well re-

member young women's drinking vinegar, and half starving themselves, in order to obtain the slender waist which was then in vogue; so have I known the subsequent reign of padding and stuffing, with a view to imitate the plumpness which nature had denied: yet neither could the fat lady conceal her size, nor the thin one succeed in persuading us that she was not a skeleton. High heels, when dignity was as much affected as smartness is at present, only produced a tottering gait, without adding much to the wearer's real stature—that once-envied height! which a graceful stoop in the shoulders has lately as assiduously endeavoured to lose; since tall women have not pretended to vie in elegance with the little lively beauties of modern taste.

How many a form, in the attainment of a fine shape, has been tortured in bands of steel, and streightened in what may almost be termed coats of mail! and how many a constitution has sunk under the unavailing effort to convert a brown complexion to a snowy whiteness by the dangerous application of paints and washes; which, fine as their names may be in the advertisements recommending their virtues, are invariably composed of the most pernicious materials; the use of which, when unhappily it is once begun, is always persevered in at the hazard of life, rather than be reduced to the mortifying exhibition of a tarnished skin, become by the long practice of art actually disgusting, and to the consequent acknowledgment of the falsehood which was previously attempted.

Can a few frivolous compliments lavished on mere appearance, or does the short-lived triumph of perhaps a few years, compensate for the loss of limbs; or afford consolation for the misfortune of premature old age? Indeed it seems as if the conscious made-up beauty could enjoy but little pleasure, though she should receive all the adulation she courts, embittered as it must be with continual terror of some unlucky accident, which may discover her shape to be owing to the skill of a stay-maker, her teeth to that of a dentist, her hair to be only a fashionable wig, and her complexion bought at a perfumer's! Let us rather be satisfied with the appearance it has pleased God to give us. We may injure, but shall not mend his works! If we are ugly, let us no otherwise attempt to adorn that ugliness, than by an endeavour at a constant exercise of good-nature and benevolence, which infuses a pleasing cheerfulness into the least agreeable set of features, and lights up even an ugly countenance with more attraction than can be purchased in all the shops of the metropolis!

Should we, after all our attempts to improve our looks by the serenity of temper arising from a cultivation of the most estimable virtues, should we still be so unfortunate as to possess a gloomy and forbidding appearance; let us not even then be mortified or ashamed, but remember that there is One, to whom our inward thoughts are known; who regards not the outward man, but who loves, and will reward, the beauty of the *soul—that* which it is in our power (with assistance which, when applied for, will not be withheld) to improve during every hour of our existence; to render, under every increased trial or difficulty, less and less unworthy of Almighty mercy: and which (without fearing the imputation of affectedly following that fleeting and most commonly unattainable circumstance, personal attractions) we may strive, and strain every effort, continually to beautify with the beauty of holiness, for which we are commanded unremittingly to labour.

UGLINESS.

Being desired and admired by no one, Ugliness is indeed so seldom an object of affectation, that I should scarcely have ventured to mention it in that light, were it not that in spite of the insults to which it is not unfrequently exposed, the abhorrence it inspires, and the offence it gives to all people to hear it imputed to them; yet I am bound to confess that there have been instances, where ugliness, or rather deformity, has been the occasion of a sort of pride to ugly persons, who, conscious of a disagreeable appearance, which nothing could conceal, have stretched the laudable determination to be content with their fate; till meaning to be praised for a meritorious humility, their calling for notice of defects has grown into a troublesome obtrusion of their misfortunes, and has sunk what otherwise would have been pity into downright disgust.

This odd, and in its origin well-meant affectation, belonging to ugly people, (for it is not affectation of ugliness itself) by degrees is sometimes converted into absolute pride in those singularities, which are exclusively their own.—What else could make an unfortunate dwarf proud of his littleness? and talk with a sort of satisfaction of being still shorter than another, who was mentioned as famous for the same defect? Another instance of actual pride in deformity has likewise been related to me—of a black man, a trumpeter to a regiment, who was seriously hurt on being told of another regiment, in which there was another trumpeter, still more frightful than himself!

This species of pride is however very rare, and it must be acknowledged that a taste for ugliness is not sufficiently prevalent to be productive of *much* affectation.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

From a Work entitled "Letters, from a Mother to her Daughter, on Religious and Moral Subjects. By M. S."

I BEHELD the sight of your hand-writing, my beloved Louisa, with as great emotions of transport, as the benighted traveller would feel on discerning the rising moon, or with sensations no less animating than those which would fill the breast of a mariner who beheld the beams of the sun dispersing the terrors of a storm! But in truth, you are the sun, which seems to illuminate my earthly prospects, a kind of vivifying luminary which animates my life, and so much does my happiness seem to depend upon your felicity, that though our persons are divided, I think our souls must be entwined.

The filial apprehensions so affectingly expressed in your letters, least the climate should ultimately prove prejudicial to my health, I trust I shall remove, by a positive assurance, that I never enjoyed this blessing in a more perfect degree. I am rejoiced at hearing that the pang of separation no longer prevents you, my dear Louisa, from feeling satisfaction in the different enjoyments of life; and the account you give me of the gratification the society of Miss Danvers affords you, imparts almost an equal degree of pleasure to my mind. From your description of this young lady, I am led to imagine, that she possesses all those amiable qualities which you so warmly paint; yet as my feelings with regard to friendship are different to those of the generality of parents, I shall expatiate with some prolixity upon the interesting theme.

The precautions of a mother are generally directed against the insinuating snares which the other sex may lay; but I would guard my Louisa from those which are still more dangerous, and tell her that the arts of females are no less apt to betray! Yet do not suppose I would wish to blast the bud of friendship, or throw a shade upon the fairest flower that ever yet bloomed; I only wish you to select a soil where the plant may become vigorous, instead of one that will corrode or destroy its tender root.

Necessity has been termed the mother of invention, and it is by experience alone that we can expect to become wise; but I shall never think that mine has been too dearly purchased, if my beloved Louisa profits by my advice. In the present age, the sacred name of friend is so prostituted, that it is difficult to define the modern meaning of the word; for I grieve to say, that in general it does not imply a being who warmly enters into your interest, and to promote it is ready to sacrifice the dearest wishes of her heart; but it means a person who contributes to, or promotes those pleasurable amusements, which gives a zest to fashionable life. This, my Louisa, alas! is the too prevalent idea of friendship, and the basis upon which that convenient intercourse is formed; for neither the head or the heart are now consulted in a connection, which has naturally the power of assuaging the severest calamities of life!

This censure upon one of the noblest passions that can dignify our nature, may appear to you, my dear girl, both illiberal and severe; but I do not mean generally to condemn all modern friendships, but only those which come under the denomination of the fashionable kind. In the choice of a friend much care is necessary, and much precaution ought to be observed; a weak mind is incapable of attachment, and a bad temper imperceptibly destroys the firmest regard; yet shining qualities are not so likely to insure a permanency of friendship, as a sensibility of disposition, united to a real goodness of heart. The natural turn of your mind is so ingenuous and unsuspicious, that you will never suspect a character until you have been deceived; and I consider it almost an act of cruelty in me to inform you, that the specious garb of virtue is often assumed by the designing, merely for the purpose of concealing vice.—Not, my beloved girl, that I would wish to steel your heart against those attachments, which, if founded upon a proper basis, will enhance the joys of life, but I only wish you never to enter into the sacred engagement of friendship, without being convinced that the object of your affection has a susceptible heart, and a highly principled mind. A fascinating manner, elegance of deportment, and a minute attention to those little civilities which are so much calculated to please have often been mistaken by those, towards whom they were directed, for the most indisputable proofs of friendship and regard. In forming your opinion of a character, never be guided by these appearances, for manners become habitual, and softness is frequently assumed; but rather let your judgment be formed upon little trifling circumstances, when the person whose disposition you are anxious to discover, conceives they are not observed. But if you ever perceive in the manners of your acquaintance an inattention to those duties which religion and virtue require, if you ever hear them venture to treat with

levity subjects which ought to be held sacred, or see them deficient in filial or sisterly regard, never suffer yourself to be deceived by a plausibility of manner, for it is assumed for the purpose of concealing a depravity of heart.

On this subject, my dear girl, I am completely able to advise, for by the semblance of amiable qualities, I have too often been deceived; but I hope that the experience which was so dearly purchased, will prevent you from falling into the same snare. Yet do not suppose that I wish to fill your breast with cold suspicion, or lock up the ingenuous emotions of your heart, I am only anxious to caution you against entering into the bonds of friendship, until you are convinced that the being you are attached to, is worthy of regard.

Friendships which are contracted in the early part of life, are generally more permanent than those which are formed at a later date; for there are so many pleasurable emotions united with the connection, that at once strengthen the links of the interesting chain. Yet at whatever period we have the power of entering into the sacred union, it is an intercourse capable of affording the most exquisite delight, it soothes our sorrow, augments our enjoyments, and is justly described as the balm of life. The Grecian philosophers, incapable of feeling the bliss it afforded, asserted, that "friendship was an affair of self-interest, which was entered into for the sake of receiving a convenient return," and advised their disciples always to contrive to keep the bonds in that loose kind of direction, that they might strengthen or relax them, as necessity required. "Excellent and obliging sages," says Melmoth, in his translation of Cicero's Lœlius, "to strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun from the natural one, each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions, that heaven has conferred upon the sons of men."

If sensibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of the heart) what reason can be assigned for these philosophers wishing to degrade friendship, by bestowing upon that delightful passion a self-interested name?—"Ye Gods!" continues the eloquent Cicero, "is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the life of a detested tyrant, who amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms passed his miserable days, a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heartfelt joys of friendship."

The sentiments of this elegant writer, my beloved Louisa, are so perfectly correspondent with my own, that I could not resist the inclination I felt to transcribe them for you, to prove that I do not mean to caution you against entering into the tender league of friendship, but merely to convince you that you ought to study the disposition of the person, towards whom you are inclined to feel sentiments of regard.

The being who would attempt to extinguish these sympathetic emotions, which naturally excite affection for the human race, I should consider as more obnoxious to society than the man who forcibly deprived me of my purse. In cherishing the impulse of general philanthropy, our hearts are imperceptibly prepared to receive impressions of a more delicate kind; and we anxiously look round to find some kindred spirit who is formed to share both our pleasures and our griefs.

I have cautioned you, my beloved girl, against forming a close intimacy with any being who appeared deficient in religious duties, or in filial regard; I must now endeavour to prevent you from expecting to find perfection in creatures to whom frailty appears to belong. Young people are apt to form romantic ideas upon this subject, and to invest those they are attached to with virtues which in fact do not exist; and the consequence of this is, that time discovers to them they have been partial to a chimera, that existed but in their brain. Through the partial veil which parental fondness throws over my Louisa's imperfections, still many little failings are to be observed, and to those who do not behold her with the eye of affection, a still greater number may possibly be discerned. Never, therefore, expect to find a friend devoid of imperfection, or suppose that perfect goodness exists in the human heart; but when you discover a mote in the eye of a brother, remember the beam that is in your own.

Seneca observes, "that it requires time to deliberate upon friendship; but the resolution once taken, my friend is entitled to the secrets of my heart, and I look upon my thoughts to be as safe in his breast as my own." The sentiments of this wise and celebrated philosopher differ widely from those which some more modern theorists have taught, who advise that we should treat our friends with that prudent precaution, as if we expected they would one day become our foes. Far be it from me, my beloved Louisa, ever to advise you to treat your friends with coldness or reserve, yet I would caution you against disclosing all your secrets, until

you have received some decided proofs of the rectitude of their hearts. Candour and sincerity compose an essential part of friendship, but recollect that the secrets of another ought carefully to be concealed; and though you may wish your friend to share the inmost thoughts of your own bosom, you must never disclose any circumstance that has been entrusted to yourself.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF PARIS.

[*Continued from Page* 102.]

L'Opera Buffa,

Or Italian Comic Opera, after all, is the only true school for vocal music in Paris; I presume to say *true*, because the management of the voice, the beauty of air, and the art of accompaniment, are the peculiar attributes of the Italian school.

There are at present no very capital singers at this theatre. If, however, the vocal performers here are not great, they are at least good; if there are, to use an expression, no meteors, there are many fixed stars.

Paesiello is at this time at Paris, and has produced several new operas at this theatre. He is also a frequent auditor of his own beautiful productions.

The orchestra here is more sparingly charged with loud instruments of effect, than at the French serious opera. It being the principle of the Italian school to accompany, and not to overpower the voice.

The hall of this theatre is spacious, and simply elegant! and being the only Italian theatre in Paris, it is always sure to be filled by the most fashionable classes of society.

The curtain of this theatre represents a rural temple, decorated with flowers. In three seperate compartments are pourtrayed the musical representatives of the Italian school; and on the base of the pedestals are the following inscriptions:—Venezia, Napoli, Roma.

To the above review of the principal theatres, expressly dedicated to music, little remains to be added further than a general conclusion.

It will be seen that the French have judiciously detached the various branches of the musical drama, by a total separation of the serious opera, comic opera, and Italian opera.

This is certainly highly politic, as it gives each species of music the greater opportunity of arriving to perfection. But in doing this they have let national vanity get the better of reason: for they have totally excluded the Italian serious opera, in order to give the serious opera in their own unmusical language.

Thus they have wholly shut up the grand school for the more sublime Italian music; and have thereby prevented many of the finest Italian operas from being heard.

In all other respects the French theatres have well defined the several branches of the musical drama; which, on the whole, they have, much to their honour, brought to considerable perfection.

Theatre Francais,

Or the Theatre of the National Drama. In order justly to weigh the merits of this theatre, it is previously necessary to possess a clear knowledge of the language, style of the authors, merits of the performers, and taste of the audience; but as these qualifications do not attach themselves in the present instance, I can only presume to speak generally.

Acting here is apparently a profound science; the most studious attention is paid to look, action, attitude, dress, decoration, and every finesse of the scene.

Talma is the hero of this theatre, and the idol of the Parisians. He is, without doubt, a great actor. Indeed every performer on this stage possesses superior merit; certainly a necessary qualification here, since the avowed object of this theatre is the perfection of the national drama.

The Parisians appear to be very partial to this theatre. Indeed the acting must be very superior, where a people so devoted to music and dancing, will forego both opera and ballet, to witness, with enthusiasm, the representation of a tragedy or comedy, although it should be in verse.

The hall of this theatre is large and noble. Here is also a good orchestra, but its chief business is to play characteristic music between the acts.

THEATRE LOUVOIS,

Stands decidedly at the head of the second class of theatres. Here comedies and farces are well performed. This house apparently aims at competition with the *Theatre Française*. It is not probable, however, that it will succeed in this point; but it is certainly entitled to more of the public protection than it appears to enjoy at present.

The hall of this respectable theatre is handsome, and of an agreeable size; the orchestra also is sufficiently good for its purpose.

THEATRES IN GENERAL.

The principal theatres of inferior rank are nearly on a level with our *Circus*, *Amphitheatre*, or *Sadler's Wells*. As for all the rest they are decidedly adapted to the taste of the million.

LIST OF ALL THE THEATRES IN PARIS.

1. Theatre des Arts (l'Opera)
2. L'Opera Comique (Nationale)
3. L'Opera Buffa (Italienne)
4. Theatre Francaise (National)
5. Theatre Louvois (Comedie)
6. Des Varietes
7. Du Vaudville
8. L'Ambigue comique
9. De la Cite
10. De la Gaiete
11. Sans Pretension
12. Des Jeunes Artists
13. Lyri Comique
14. Societe Olimpique
15. Des Victoires
16. Des Jeunes Eleves
17. Du Marais
18. De Mareux
19. D'Equitation
20. De Fantasmagorie.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 104.]

LETTER III.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

THE definitions I gave you in my last, must have taught you the general divisions of the Linnean System, it is necessary now to examine the different individuals which you will meet in your walks. Names are learned by rote and remembered by use and habit, but the observation of the plants is still more interesting than the study of their appellations.

Gather a flower, a field-poppy, for instance, observe the beauty of its colours, the fragility of its rich texture; and think of the slumbering power that lies concealed in its bosom. Are your thoughts of a gloomy hue, it will seem the deadly poison employed by hatred, revenge, and rebellion. Is your mind calm and serene, you will consider it as the soothing comfort of sickness, that drowns in peaceful slumbers the remembrance of pain. In the first case, the luckless field-poppy will be plucked without mercy. In the second, when you enjoy the sweets of domestic happiness in the middle of a blooming family, you will behold it as the harmless ornament, prepared by the hand of Nature, to embellish the simple maidens of the country. Attracted by the brightness of their colours, your child will perhaps adorn her hat with their blossoms, you will chuse one of them, and to try your knowledge will number its stamina.

Upwards of twenty filaments, black and crisped, will show you it belongs to the polyandria. A single pistil, very apparent, will place it in the monogynia order; and if you are desirous of knowing its name, you will easily find your plant among a few descriptions.

That kind of study is pleasant and easy, and if you sometimes deceive yourself, it is without danger and without remorse.

Let us now examine the corn flower, centaurea cyanus. You see it is radiate, and perceive the florets which compose the disk and the rays. Scrutinize first the rays: they contain neither stamina nor pistils. Take a glass, and observe attentively the smaller ones of the disk, you will discover that the stamina form in every one of them a short cylindrical body, with their lengthened anthers. The flower therefore belongs to the syngenesia, and the neutral florets of the rays give you the order of the polygamia frustranea.

The scabiosa might deceive you; it is composed of florets; but the anthers of the stamina are so distinctly divided, that you have only to reckon their number, which consists of four in

every floret. The scabiosa then belongs to the tetandria. A single pistil is found in every floret, which assigns to the plant the order of monogynia.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I return from the garden, where I enjoyed the cooling breezes of a peaceful morning During my walk, I gathered a small flower to send you its description, and hasten to begin the lesson before its leaves fade away.

This small plant is the herb Robert, or Geranium Robertianum. When I take hold of it, I notice a strong and unpleasant smell, which is found in every kind of geranium but the geranium-rosa. I open with a pen the hairy calyx of the flower; I pluck off with merciless, but careful hand, the blushing petals, and perceive the stamina collected into a small bundle, and crowned with red anthers. That characteristic places my plant among the monadelphia; and when I have numbered the stamina, and found them ten, I discover that it is contained in the decandria order.

While it ripens, the coral dries up and disappears, as well as the stamina. Swelled by the seed it incloses, the pistil fills up the whole of the calyx, and terminates in a long point tinged with red.

It would be impossible to describe this beautiful little plant, without admiring its elegance and grace, the regularity of its shape, the white lines which adorn its petals, and the salutary down which defends it against the slow attacks of humidity, though it humbly clothes the ground, and often spreads its green foliage on the margin of a rill.

I should almost be tempted to believe that this geranium were the chef-d'œuvre of the Creator, and the darling object of his care, did not the same perfection appear in all his works. Let us learn by his example not to neglect the less important of our duties, and to do a good action in secret, with as much attention as the most public deed.

LETTER V.

Yesterday, my dear Eugenia, I walked out but for a moment: you were present to my mind, and I gathered for you the flowers which grew at the side of a wall. Let us now begin to study them; I learn myself by teaching you, and that encreases my satisfaction. Think of me every time one of your flowers meet your eyes; I strew them at your feet as pleasing remembrancers of the past. When you go to the country you must put my lessons into practice, and verify the truth of my instructions.

Nature has in the distribution of her boundless garden, appointed an end to the courses of her children. Cherries have rewarded the exploits of Mithridates. The peach-tree comes from Persia, and the horse-chesnut from India; the tulip tree of America flourishes in France, and here the palm-tree crowns his head but with barren leaves, and ceases to be fruitful; too distant from his native sky, it is at the temple of the Sun that he lights the torch of Hymen, and sends, on the pinions of the winds, through the wilds of Africa his fertilizing love to the virgin palms of the desert.

But let us return to our humbler plants. Here is a Roquet; this yellow flower which according to my taste sends forth a pleasant smell, inhabits commonly the sides of a public road, and is called in Latin *sysimbrium-tenuifolium*. Its four petals, which are very distinct from each other, make me think that it must belong to the tetradynamia, or the class which contains almost all the cruciform. Four long stamina arise in the middle of the flower around the pistil, without holding together by their anthers; a little lower I perceive two smaller stamina of the same height as the coral, and by their number and their shape I am enabled to place the flower in the fifteenth class, or tetradynamia.

The fruit of that plant is a silique, in which the seed is contained and ripened. The silique swells, and when the seed has attained a proper degree of maturity, it bursts its prison and falls upon the ground where it takes root and produces similar plants.

All the flowers are disposed in corymb. There is this difference between a corymb and an umbel, in the first, the peduncles are placed above each other, and grow longer as they are farther from the top, while in the second, which offers the same aggregation of flowers supported by peducles, are ranged on the stem in a circle.

Observe that the central flowers of the aggregation are less advanced than the others; they are generally only buds, and, if I may say so, concealed under the sheltering petals of their neighbours; the flowers of the ray are those which fade away first.

Observe also the delicate structure of the four divisions of the calyx, which covers and protects the whole of the bud; when the coral begins to unfold, the calyx seems to descend, dries up, and forsakes the coral, while its four divisions turned down, add to the beauty and the security of the flower.

The stem of that plant is smooth, or deprived of all kind of hair or down.

Let us examine another individual of the same class, but of the order silicalosa, and let us take the bursa pastoris, or shepherd's pouch. The

flower is almost imperceptible, and it is difficult to observe its different parts distinctly.

Begin by raising with a small pin the four divisions of the calyx, pluck off then the four white petals, and between them you will see six stamina in the unequal but regular proportion of two short and four long ones; they are crowned with yellow anthers, and in the middle you will soon perceive the pistil which begins to swell, and threatens to divide its fostering cradles, the coral and calyx, and the small stamina which have fertilized its bosom.

The silicles becomes much larger than the size of the plant seemed to promise. It is flat, in the shape of a heart, with a small line in the middle; it is the mark of the filament which divides it into two parts, which contain each two rows of seeds: when ripe they fall naturally to the ground, and give birth to other individuals.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

UPON THE SUBJECT OF PERSPECTIVE;

Elucidating the practice of taking Views, and of designing Landscapes.

[*Continued from Page* 107.]

LETTER SECOND.

You delight me, my dear Matilda, by the tender expression with which you approve the subject I have selected for our correspondence. The pleasure derivable from it, is not indeed to be obtained without some degree of attention, but, if I can soften that seeming ruggidness, which its technical terms and the abstract references of its general principles have given it, and at the same time keep your mind alive to the beauty of those simple truths on which it is founded, I may indeed promise you the liveliest gratification in the pursuit. It is pride, my dear niece, that makes us, in general, reject the plain elementary truths of nature, as if they were beneath the dignity of our mental powers; forgeting that in the combinations of those, every thing that is truly sublime and beautiful necessarily consists. Men wonder and perplex themselves daily in the explanation of what they consider supernatural occurrences; but to become truly acquainted with simple effects, is the only way to obtain a chain of reasoning which may lead the mind upwards from effects to causes, until we reach the most astonishing deductions upon uncontrovertible evidence. So much have I said in reply to your suggestion, that the beginning of Simson's Euclid, into which some time since, you casually turned, appeared to be learned trifling, and that perhaps you had been early prejudiced against a species of learning which you are convinced must be highly interesting, by having somewhere picked up the saying of an ancient philosopher, who declared that "the books of Euclid were not meant for men, but to make asses men." If by men, my dear Matilda, are meant beings endowed with the powers of just reasoning, I believe the other denomination more truly belongs to many who make free with the human form; and if you will take the remark of the Epicurean sage, with that interpretation, I shall most heartily coincide with your opinion.

But to proceed with our proposed study:—In this letter you have to expect more of the theory, from what I forewarned you in my last; and you must sustain what you may consider burthensome, with the hopes of that more pleasing practical part which I have promised in my third epistle.

In this I shall have occasion to speak of parallel, inclining, perpendicular, and proportional straight lines, which may be thus defined:—

1st. Two straight lines, which are every where equally distant from each other are said to be *parallel.*

2d. If one is not every where equally distant from the other, it is said *to incline*, or more commonly *to be at angles with it*; the inclination being called *an angle.* You will easily comprehend that angles are greater or less according as they are more open or more closed.

3d. The *angular point* is that in which two inclining staight lines intersect each other.

4th. Angles are *measured* by circles, the centers of which are the angular points: every circle is divided into 360 parts, called degrees; and these again into 60 minutes.

5th. When a straight line inclines equally on

each side to another straight line, that is, makes two equal angles with it, it is said to be *perpendicular* to it, or the two straight lines are said to be at *right angles* with each other.

6th. An angle *greater* than a right angle is called *obtuse*, and an angle *less* than a right angle is called *acute*.

7th. *Proportional lines* are such as have some given relation or *ratio* to each other; thus, as a line of two feet long is to another of five feet, so is a line of four feet long to another of ten.

As I believe that in the study of perspective it will always be more advantageous to elucidate the subject, even in geometrical definitions, by sensible objects rather than by the usual literal references; let me suppose a square box before you, the surface of its sides, as well as of its bottom and lid, will be *parallel planes*; their boundary lines will be *parallel lines*: but, when you begin to raise the lid, the planes of the top and bottom *incline*, and lines drawn on both are *at angles* with each other. The surfaces of the sides and bottom are *perpendicular planes*, and their boundary lines are at *right angles*; also by opening or closing the lid, you increase or diminish the angles which it makes either with the bottom or upper ridges of the sides.

Having thus, my dear Matilda, defined some geometrical expressions, which I must necessarily use in our disquisitions, I would proceed to shew you how to perform a few geometrical problems, but as you will find this done in the elementary books of almost every mathematical science, I shall content myself with sending you a drawing board, with a square and parallel ruler, by which most problems may be more speedily performed than by common operations.

In my former letter I explained that boundary of our sight called the *visual horizon*, and in what manner any line or plane extended thereto is said to *vanish*. You will perceive, therefore, that all parallel planes, being supposed every way of indefinite magnitude, and extending to the visual horizon, would there appear to *intersect* each other or *vanish* in one indefinite straight line. Also if one of these indefinite planes pass through the eye of the delineator, it must cut the plane of the picture in a straight line, which will be the representation of the line of common intersection of the parallel planes at the visual horizon, and is called *the vanishing line of those parallel planes*.

In the same manner, indefinite straight lines parallel to each other would appear to intersect or vanish in the visual horizon, and if any such indefinite parallel line pass through the eye of the delineator, it must transpierce the plane of the picture, in a point which is denominated the *vanishing point of such parallel lines*, and is the representation of the point of common intersection of those parallel lines in the visual horizon.

Of the nature of vanishing lines and points, and of the vanishing planes which belong to them, you must, my dear niece, form as clear an idea as you are able, before you proceed further. The whole of perspective depends upon a just comprehension of them, and I would advise you to read over the two foregoing definitions attentively more than once.

The distance of a vanishing line is the length of a straight line, drawn from the eye of the delineator perpendicular to that vanishing line; and the *centre of a vanishing line* is that point on which the perpendicular falls.

The plane of the horizon is an indefinite plane, supposed to pass through the visual horizon, and the eye of the delineator, at right angles, to a plummet line let fall from the eye of the delineator. Its intersection with the plane of the picture is called the horizontal line. It is manifest that the *perspective centre* described in my first letter must fall on the horizontal line.

The base plane is an indefinite plane, which is supposed to pass through any point in a plummet let fall from the eye of the delineator, and at right angles to that plummet line. Its intersection with the plane of the picture is called the *base line* and sometimes the *ground line*.

The vertical plane is an indefinite plane perpendicular to the horizontal plane, and passing through the eye of the delineator. Its intersection with the plane of the picture is called the *vertical line*.

The *height of the eye* is the length of the plummet line let fall from the eye of the delineator, between the eye and the point in which the *base plane* passes.

The *station point* is the point in the plummet line through which the base plane passes.

From these definitions the principle of the vanishing line and its centre being clearly comprehended, we may easily deduce the following observations, which, among geometricians, would be termed corollaries:—

1st. That if any planes be parallel to the *base plane*, that is, if they are *level planes*, their vanishing line will be the *horizontal line*, whose *centre* will be the *perspective centre* of the picture.

2dly. If any parallel planes be perpendicular to the *base plane* and the *plane of the picture*, that is, if they are *direct*, *upright*, or *vertical planes*, their vanishing line will be the *vertical line*, whose *centre* will also be the *perspective centre*.

3dly. It is manifest that planes which are not only parallel to each other, but to the plane of

the picture, will have *no vanishing line* or *centre*, since they can never intersect the plane of the picture, nor approach the visual horizon.

4thly. If the parallel planes are *inclined* to the *plane of the picture*, and to the *base plane*, but *perpendicular* to the *vertical plane*; that is, if they are *direct*, *elevated*, or *depressed planes*, their vanishing line will be *parallel* to the *horizontal line*, and its centre will be its intersection with the *vertical line*.

5thly. If the parallel planes be *perpendicular* to the *base plane*, but *inclined* to the *plane of the picture*, and to the *vertical plane*; that is, if they are *oblique upright planes*, their vanishing line will be *parallel* to the *vertical line*, and its centre will be its *intersection* with the *horizontal line*.

6thly. If the parallel planes be *perpendicular* to the *plane of the picture*, but *inclined* to the *base plan* and to the *vertical plane*; that is, if they are *lateral sloping planes*, their vanishing line will pass through the *perspective centre*, which will also be the *centre of such vanishing line*.

7thly. If the parallel planes be *wholly oblique* to *all* the *three principal planes*, their vanishing line will pass through the vanishing point of level lines, drawn upon them, and through the vanishing point of parallel lines drawn upon the same planes at right angles to those level lines.

In these seven corollaries you have a full view of the whole theory of perspective; they will dilate themselves, and become sufficiently perspicuous in the rules for practice which are to be founded upon them, and you will be convinced of the advantage of this general survey of the whole subject at once. Whatever may be our study, we should endeavour to see the extent of it at one glance; we should then consider how it divides itself into various parts, and under what heads we may class each distinct section of it. Every minute article then becomes apparent, and its relation to the whole is correctly defined; the confusion of the first general prospect gradually clears away, and we can contemplate every object with pleasure. Such, my dear Matilda, is my purpose in thus classing the whole of our subject.

Believe me, my dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle,

MATHOS LE BON.

FINE ARTS.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT SOMMERSET-HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

THE annual Exhibitions at Somerset-House, as well as others in different parts of the town, at this period, claim the attention of the public; and while others are employed in describing, with critical observations, the performances of the different artists, I shall beg leave, through the medium of your miscellany, to offer some general remarks on the nature and use of Exhibitions, as influencing the public taste, and interesting the artist.

It is so customary to abuse, and still to visit, this place of annual amusement, that it will shew some confidence to suppose any thing worthy of public attention can find a place on those walls. But as the English scholar has found an able champion in the author of "Rhymes on Art," and a British Gallery is established by gentlemen of the highest respectability in the annals of taste, we may hope, by the exertions of modern artists, to do away that prejudice which has concurred with other circumstances to depress the exertions of the living, by an overweening fondness for the works of the departed.

Of the British Gallery it may be said, as of other places intended for the reception of the most perfect,

"Where is that place, however pure,
"But into which foul things will sometimes enter."

With a very moderate proportion of this, it must be allowed there is a very fair display of sterling merit; sufficient, with proper encouragement, to rescue the sinking art of Design from that oblivion into which it was feared it fould fall.

The arts themselves can little influence the public taste, unless seconded by a discriminating attention from those to whom they have been accustomed to look up to, as the patrons and arbitrators of what was considered most excellent in the fine arts.

To this country a considerable influx of wealth has been derived by the preference given by foreigners to our engravings, but which has been lost by the avarice and folly of those who exported them; trash of every kind was substituted for works of real merit; and purchasers no longer felt an interest, when none could arise, from the usual excellence of the commodity. How far these advantages may be retrieved, the times will hardly permit a chance of calculating.

In the mean time our Exhibitions may be considered as a cheap gratification to the public, who can at a small expence enjoy the pleasure of seeing the various ways by which different men pursue the same object; and if they are inquisitively or philosophically inclined, may go far in their enquiries for the reason of their different stiles; and why the imagination of some can only dress nature in a sombre hue, while others pour all the brilliant assemblage of colours upon the mode of execution, where it will be observed, that a single stroke of the pencil, in some, effects what, by many and repeated touches, is brought out by others.

But it is obvious that to this variety of style and manner, the pleasure we take in looking at pictures is chiefly owing, few indeed possessing a versatility of pencil sufficient to interest beyond their own painting rooms. The collection of Angelica Kauffman, pictures by Mr. Bowles near Wanstead, fail to have the proper effect, notwithstanding her pictures mixed with others are highly gratifying. Fuscli, in his Miltonic Gallery, displayed some of his finest energies, which were lost, from the repetition of style, in a number of paintings.

The public taste towards painting, in general, may be increased (or at l ast kept alive) by means of Exhibitions, and the encouragement of the arts at home may be derived from this growing inclination, so as to be less under the dominion of fashion; for when a well grounded love for the arts prevails, there will be little fear that the works even of modern artists (to say nothing of the ancient masters) shall be obliged to give place to the finical decorations of the paper-stainers.

By means of Exhibitions, the actions of great and worthy men, patriots, heroes, statesmen, the eminent among the literati, and the sciences, are brought to public view, and will be remembered for themselves and for their virtues: and if it only animates a single being to become conspicuous for something good besides his own portrait, it will have answered a desireable purpose.

It may be objected that our annual Exhibitions hold out false colours, and that many have entered the lists to combat for fame and fortune, by the encouragement given to a few; and that an increase of professors has been more than equal to their possible support. It were indeed to be wished that many had examined the ground, or their own powers to cultivate so stubborn a soil.

But to leave these speculations and come to the advantages that may be derived to the artist from the spirit of competition and comparison.

Over the works of the old masters time has thrown a sacred veil, which gives an appearance of majesty, and aided by imagination, flings us at a distance from their excellence, and sometimes damps our ardour and endeavours in the hopes to imitate them.

But with the works of our own day, and those with whom we are acquainted, who can only use the means at hand, as well as ourselves, the spirit of emulation may be attended with considerable advantage, for if an artist be fortunate enough to have escaped the excess of manner, he may select from many a portion of what is rea'ly good, and apply it accordingly. Yours, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDRIC AND BERTHA.

YOUNG Edric liv'd in days of old;
To war the gallant youth was bred;
None in the fight were found more bold,
None milder when the foe had fled.

Love, too, within his breast found place,
Fair Bertha own'd a mutual flame;
War call'd him from her fond embrace,
To search for death, or glorious fame.

A distant country Edric sought;
Bertha remained, a prey to woe;
Bravely the youthful warrior fought,
And dealt destruction on the foe.

But Fate decreed! and Edric fell!
His nation's glory, and its pride!
When Bertha heard—sad tale to tell,
She nam'd her Edric, drooped! and died!

J. M. L.

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver-crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreaths the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms;
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed:
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page:—In every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

CUPID AWAKENED.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH OF LA MOTTE.

As through a cool sequest'red wild,
The other day I careless stray'd,
I saw, by chance, a blooming child,
Asleep beneath a woodbine shade.

'Twas Cupid's self—for soon I knew,
The urchin, by his pleasing air,
His vermeil lips, and rosy hue,
And golden ringlets of his hair.

With cautious steps approaching near,
I well observed his lovely charms;
Examin'd too, without a fear,
His unstrung bow, and barbed arms.

" Ah me!" I to myself then cry'd,
" Can grace like this such care create?
" Is this the boy I have defy'd,
" Who sways with unrelenting hate?

" Sure under these soft dimpled smiles
" Deception foul can never dwell?
" Nor can this face with artful wiles,
" The bosom's throbbing pulses swell?"

Thus musing in deep eager thought,
A sigh escap'd my anxious breast,
The god awoke—I pardon sought,
But stern revenge his soul possess'd.

Forth then his odour'd wings he spread,
And from his quiver took a dart;
Twang went the bow—the weapon fled,
All forceful through my trembling heart.

" Go now," he cried, " to Rosa go,
" And pity at her feet implore;
" There sigh thy smart and secret woe,
" And all thy troubles number o'er.

" For captive thou to her shalt be,
" Bound fast by this bandeau of mine,
" And since thou'st dar'd to waken me,
" Keen love shall sway that breast of thine."

Liverpool, April 6. J. BOWDON.

ADDRESS TO A ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. BERNARD.

SWEET Rose! thou empress of gay Flora's bow'r,
Sprung from the tears by fair Aurora shed;
Haste! and expand thy dewy dripping flow'r,
As near the zephyrs their soft pinions spread.

Yet stay! for I, unthoughtful, bade thee bloom,
To greet the pryings of the curious eye;
For ah, lov'd flow'r! too hapless is thy doom,
Since one short hour must see thee fade and die.

Of this, Themira should the emblem see,
And thence be taught to scan thy early date;
Since all her charms must fade alike to thee,
Like thee submit to death's relentful hate.

Come, then! descend from off thy parent stem,
And to the maid add each enchanting grace;
As in the parterre thou dost shine a gem,
So happy should be thy exalted place.

On the fair precincts of her snowy breast,
Fix then thy empire, and sepulchral shrine;
Whilst I, by ev'ry envious thought oppress'd,
Wish o'er and o'er the blissful lot were mine.

There, if thy buds should drooping fade and die,
And thou regret'st thy peaceful reign is o'er;
Sure, if the maid can breathe one pitying sigh,
Such sigh, perhaps, may ev'ry tint restore.

And thould she shed on thee a sorrow'd tear,
Or sad repine that thy gay prime is flown;
O! whisper softly in her virgin ear,
The manner how she should employ her own.

And if some rival's hateful hands intrude,
Or dares to soil the place thou dost adorn;
Resent for me in scorn, the action rude,
And prove thy vengeance from the pointed thorn.

Liverpool, April, 1806. J. BOWDON.

STANZA.

Now recedes the waining moon,
Cheq'ring o'er the trembling grove,
Night's serene and starry noon
Decks the cot of her I love.

Now each flow'rets emerald stem
Bends beneath the tears of Night,
Now each blossom boasts a gem
Shedding soften'd rays of light.

Illumin'd now the mould'ring tow'r,
The distant spire, the trophied tomb,
The wat'ry glade, the woodbine bow'r,
And foliaged forests deepest gloom.

With "lips of glue" now Silence reigns,
See Night in silver mantle drest,
In peerless splendor walk the plains,
While list'ning Echo sinks to rest.

ON THE

HARP AND DESPAIR OF COWPER.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

I.

Sweet, Bard, whose tones great Milton might approve,
And Shakspeare, from high fancy's sphere,
Turning to the sound his ear,
Bend down a look of sympathy and love;
O swell the lyre again,
As in full accord it poured an angel's train!
But ah! what means that look aghast,
E'en while it seemed, in holy trance,
On scenes of bliss above to glance?
Was it a Fiend of Darkness pass'd!
Oh speak——
Paleness is upon his cheek,—
On his brow the big drops stand,
To airy vacancy
Points the dread silence of his eye,
And the lov'd lyre it falls, falls from his nerveless hand!

II.

"Come peace of mind, delightful guest,
"O come and make thy downy nest
"Once more on his sad heart;"
Meek Faith, a drop of comfort shed;
Swent Hope, snpport his aged head;
And Charity, avert the burning dart!
Fruitless the prayer—the night of deeper woes
Seems o'er the head, e'en now to close;
In vain the path of purity he trod,
In vain, in vain.
He pour'd from fancy's shell his sweetest hermit strain,
He has no hope on earth, forsake him not, O God.

LINES

Addressed by a Gentleman to his Wife, on the anniversary of their Wedding-day, when he presented her with a Ring.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed;"
So sixteen years ago I said,
Behold another ring!—for what?
"To wed thee o'er again, why not?"
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,
Taste long admired, sense long rever'd!
And all my Mary then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that doubled merit now
To justify a double vow. H.

LINES PLACED OVER A SIDEBOARD.

Let social mirth with gentle manners join,
Unstunn'd by laughter, uninflam'd by wine;
Let reason, unimpair'd, exert its powers,
But let gay fancy strew the way with flowers.
Far hence the wag's and witling's scurile jest,
Whose noise and nonsense shock the decent guest:
True wit and humour such mean helps decline,
Nor will the Graces owe their charms to wine.
Fools fly to drink, in native dulness sunk:
In vain—they're ten times greater fools when drunk!
Thus free from riot, innocently gay,
We'll neither wish nor fear our final day.

MUTUAL LOVE.

"When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

"One mutual flame inspires our bliss:
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can n'er be cloy'd.

"Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me:
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

"If cares arise (and cares will come),
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there ought disturbs my fair?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it on my breast."

TO THE CROW THAT FLIES HOME AT NIGHT.

SAY, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night,
Waves thro' the midway air;
Why thus, beyond the verge of day,
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren, within her mossy nest,
Has hush'd her little brood to rest;
The wild wood-pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft notes of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard her downy young from the inclement sky.

Each twitt'ring bill, each busy wing,
That flits at morning's humid spring,
At rest—or sleepless kept too late
By Philomel's enchanting lay,
Who now, asham'd to sing by day,
Thrills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
That wait thy slow return for food.
On some bleak cliff's neglected tree:
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight,
This is the chilly hour of night,
Fit hour for rest and thee. H.

THE CARNATION.

FAIR flower! by Doris lov'd, shall I presume
With savage grasp thy silken form to spoil,
To waste with lavish hand thy rich perfume,
Thy crimson-streaked leaves in dust to soil?

No,—she shall place thee in her snowy breast;
Thence thy delicious odours shall arise,
As incense, when, with Love's warm hopes impress'd,
To the fair Paphian Queen we sacrifice.

'Tis thine, sweet flower! her coral lips to kiss,
And thence thy bright vermillion tints to steal;
Would I, like thee, might taste the balmy bliss,
And thus my vows of tend'rest passion seal!

Like thee, beneath the sunshine of her eye,
To live and thrive where joy beyond compare,
What earthly pleasure could I prize so high?
Or what the raptures that I found not there!

TO MUSIC.

RAPT are my captive senses when thy notes,
Delicious music! in soft, airy sounds,
Borne on the dusky wing of pensive eve
By sighing gales, arrest the list'ning ear;
Or when the wand'ring moon with silent pace,
Mounts her blue throne, and with her gentle beam
That richly gilds the dew besprinkled earth,
Pierces with shadowy light the tangled grove;
'Tis then thy sounds, O music! heavenly maid!
Drown all my cares, my heart corroding griefs,
Or swell my senses to excess of joy.
Hark! that soft note borne on the rising breeze,
In pleasing murmurs dies away. Again!
Coy Echo catches the mellifluous sounds,
And deep within her cool, o'er arched cell,
Reverberates the song in lengthened tones.
Oft may I thus, abstracted from the world,
Retire to woo thy charms, or with thee tread
The dewy path of morn, inhaling fragrance
From the awak'ning flowers, that half unclose,
Their pendent heads, enriched with sparkling gems.
Nor should I lonely trace my devious way;
The artless choristers that wake the morn,
Should join their lays symphonious to my song,
And strain their little throats attun'd by love.
Sweet maid! the joys wherewith thou wrap'st my soul.
As far transcend the boasted charms of mirth
And midnight revels, as the summer's day,
Nurs'd by cool breezes and refresh'd by showers,
Excels old winter, who in hoary vest
Drives clouds and storms along the sable plain.
Faint are my falt'ring numbers to express
The entrancing dreams that captivate my sense,
When from the voice of the dear maid I love
Thy mellow'd notes pervade my inmost soul.
As some lone traveller, who, the live long day,
Toils in the sandy waste, or fainting climbs
The lofty mountain, and in distance views
Gay smiling fields, and turrets tipt with gold,
His thankful heart exults, refresh'd he breathes
The purer air of heaven, and pursues
With double vigour his meand'ring way,
Thus does my ear inhale the blissful sounds,
And my full soul beats with redoubled joy.

E. C.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

SINCE the commencement of the war, the conduct of Prussia has been the subject of alternate wonder and indignation by all the Powers of Europe. Besieged by Imperial Viceroys, and flattered into an opinion of her own importance, it was expected that, at one period of the contest, she would have stept forth, and acted as became her. But no. At this crisis, when the soldiers of France had not as yet covered Germany, when Mack was safe in his entrenchments, and the Emperor of Austria in his capital, what did Prussia do?—A cold blooded calculator of events would have found it even his interest to have made a venture, but not so Prussia,—she negociated.

The present conduct of Prussia, in her seizure of Hanover, and atrocious demeanour towards the Court of Great Britain, results from that same principle of action which is uniformly seen to guide her. She has seen France appeased with Austria, on the condition of that unfortunate monarchy surrendering every thing that her stern Conqueror could require; and in the present degradation of this power she has nothing to fear. In a word, Bonaparte has entirely set Prussia at rest with respect to any jealousy of the other German Princes. Through all this wide waste of Europe, not a power is seen from whom the petty and unprotected states of Germany can demand protection, but France or Prussia. In flying for refuge to France, the general thraldom of Germany is only rivetted the stronger; and Prussia requires subjugation as preliminary to protection.

Germany is thus to be parcelled out between these Royal Freebooters. Russia, at a distance, cannot interfere with any hopes of success, and, without an ally in Germany, cannot, perhaps, interfere at all. What then is the next step of Bonaparte, and his obsequious instrument, the King of Prussia? It was easy enough to conjecture it. We know well what a mortal offence the spirited conduct of the King of Sweden gave to Napoleon at the commencement of the German campaign. It was not likely that France would forgive it, or omit, when in her power, the opportunity of punishing it. No sooner, therefore, is Austria completely subdued, than the indignation of France is turned against Sweden.—It was difficult, however, for France to come in immediate contact with that power; Prussia, therefore, is made the instrument of her vengeance, and the Court of Berlin, without the virtue to resist any advantage that is offered, has no hesitation to become the tool of Napoleon.

A serious question here arises:—Will Russia permit the dismemberment of Sweden; Russia, who is the sworn guardian of the Northern Powers, and to whom they all look up as a protectress? Russia, doubtless, can have only one opinion upon this point; and it is easy to foresee a war between Prussia and France, on the one hand, and Russia and the Northern Powers on the other. France is already preparing to attack Russia, as a demand has been made by the French Ambassador at Vienna for a passage through Bohemia, in case of a war with Russia; and moreover, the late treaty between the Porte and France plainly points at a rupture between Russia and Bonaparte.

In a word, we were always of opinion that the treaty of Presburgh, instead of being a resting place for the ambition of Bonaparte, and a pledge for the security and quiet of Europe, was the fruitful parent of new wars, and contained in its womb those seeds of discord and dissention, which would soon lead to a general conflagration of Europe.

It is with some satisfaction, however, we have to announce the spirited conduct of England with respect to Prussia. His Majesty has not hesitated to declare war against Prussia on account of her unjust seizure of Hanover; an embargo has likewise been laid upon all the Prussian ships, and her commerce, small as it is, has been swept from the face of the waters.

In respect to domestic occurrences, we have not much to observe. Several flags of truce have passed between France and this country. The principal object of this intercourse was the release of the prisoners so unjustly detained in France previous to the war. We are sorry, however, to say, that nothing satisfactory has been settled on this point.

Mr. Windham has at length brought forth his Military Plan; but if the public opinion can be collected from the conversation of the town, it is

not altogether what the political world expected. This, however, is not so much to its discredit;—in the variety of party prejudices, and the extravagant expectations of hope and fear, it would have been difficult to have suggested any thing which could have pleased every one.

The limits of our Magazine will not admit the length of discussion which the importance of the subject requires, we shall therefore content ourselves with stating his proposed amendments under their respective heads. We are the more readily induced to this as furnishing our readers with the means of better comprehending such a mass of matter.

Under the head of the Regulars, the former service for life is to be exchanged into service for a term of years,—seven years being the first period; after which the men enlisted may demand their discharge, or enlist again for a second, and afterwards a third period, of seven more each.

The Infantry.—If the Infantry, after having served one seven years, re-enlist for a second period, their pay is to be advanced by six-pence a week, and after the second period to be allowed a small pension. If the soldier, after having enlisted a second period, enlists for a third, his pay to be advanced to one shilling; and after the final discharge to receive the full allowance of Chelsea, in a pension for his life, *i. e.* about 20l. per annum.

Those upon Colonial Service not to be discharged till six months after the expiration of their term, and then sent home free of expence. Corporal punishment to be commuted into loss of the benefit of the time served.

In the Cavalry and Artillery a longer time being required to obtain the necessary dexterity of exercise, instead of three terms of seven years, the first term to be ten years, the second six, and the third five.

The present Regular Army to have the benefit of Chelsea, to take place immediately, *i. e.* sixpence additional per week to those who have served seven years; nine-pence per week to those who are in the second class; and one shilling to those in the third.

The Militia,—to be recruited, not by ballot, but by bounties.

The Volunteers,—to be confined to such as are willing to bear their own expences,—to be by this means reduced, and thrown into the mass of the people.

The people to be balloted yearly, in order to select out two hundred thousand, who are to be trained,—but these trainings to be mild, of very short duration, and in their own houses.

The Clothing for the Volunteers to be allowed for this year, but no longer, and Government not to be understood to pledge themselves to this.

Such are these celebrated regulations.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE are happy to have to notice the revival of the Comic Opera, which had so long been discontinued, at this Theatre. The Serious Opera cannot be always pleasing, and is by no means suited to our national taste.

Le Duc Nozze e un Sol Marito, a production new to this country, abounding in excellent music by Griglielmi, was on Tuesday night, April 15, represented here, for the purpose of introducing Signor Naldi to the attention of the British public. He comes, we understand, immediately from Lisbon. He has acquired a high reputation on the Continent. His *debut* was attended with the most brilliant success, and he will certainly be popular. Signor Naldi's voice is a powerful tenor, of unusual clearness and compass; and it is evident he is a tasteful and well-studied musician. An easy and rapid modulation, precision, and delicacy of finish, such as in this country has scarcely been equalled, are the characteristics of his style.

Our old favourites, Morelli and Storace, were restored to their posts on this occasion, and received with their accustomed approbation.

DRURY LANE.

THE FORTY THIEVES.

On Tuesday night, April 8th, one of the most splendid *spectacles* ever exhibited on the stage was produced at this theatre, under the title of "*The Forty Thieves.*" It is unnecessary to enter into a detail of the plot of this piece, as the story on which it is founded, and which it follows with scarcely any deviation, is generally known; but the following are the names of the principal characters, and the actors by whom they were represented:

Cassim Baba, the Rich Brother, *Mr. Dormer.*
Ali Baba, the Poor Brother,.... *Mr. Bannister.*
Ganem, his Son,.............. *Mr. Kelly.*
Mustapha, the Cobler of Bagdad, *Mr. Matthews.*
Selim, leader of the Caravan,.... *Mr. Dignum.*
Abdallah, Capt. of the Thieves, *Mr. H. Siddons.*
Hassara, Second Captain,...... *Mr. De Camp.*

Zaidé, Wife of Cassim Baba,.... *Mrs. Dormer.*
Cogia, Wife of Ali Baba,...... *Mrs. Bland.*
Zelie, Daughter of a Bashaw,.. *Mrs. Matthews.*
Morgiana, Slave to Cassim Baba,
and Zelie's Sister,.......... *Miss De Camp.*

Orcobrand, Genius of the Forest, *Mr. Raymond.*
Ardenelle, Fairy of the Lake,.. *Mrs. H. Siddons.*
Principal Sylph,................ *Mrs Sharp.*
Gossamer, ... *Miss C. Bristow.*

SCENE—Bagdad, and the adjoining Forest.

This piece has been so long talked of, that a kind of popularity was bespoken for it, and it issued into the world a favourite by anticipation.—But vain are the hopes of man! we must, indeed, confess, that *The Forty Thieves* have much disappointed us. The original simplicity of the story is nowise preserved. The fable is pressed down by an incumbering machinery of fairies, genii, and hobgoblins. The admirable quaintness in the original character of the *Cobler* is lost; and *Ali Baba* excites no one emotion whatever. The Amazonian spirit, and desperate subtlety of *Morgiana*, are entirely obliterated.—In a word, a fine towering palm is taken from the Arabian garden, and transplanted into a bed of barren sand, where its leaves fall off, its head bows, and it turns to a mere dry and withered stick. Had this piece been handled with suitable talent, much,—much indeed might have been made of it.—As it is, we can commend nothing but the music, the admirable exertions of the performers (particularly of *Bannister*, *Miss De Camp*, and *Mathews*), and a sumptuousness and magnificence of scenery, which evince a bold defiance of expence in the Managers of Drury-lane Theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Thursday, April 10th, a new Opera was brought out at this Theatre from the fruitful pen of Mr. Dibdin, called "*The White Plume; or, the Border Chieftains.*" This piece, coming out so speedily after the first appearance of the New Ballet at the other Theatre, attracted a very full house.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Scots.

Earl Glenfillan,.............. *Mr. Murray.*
Scotch Chieftain,........ *Mr. Hill.*
Kilspindie,.................. *Mr. Fawcett.*
Allan,....................... *Mr. Blanchard.*
Donald,...................... *Mr. Bennett.*
Sandy,....................... *Mr. King.*
Flora,....................... *Miss Davies.*

Danes.

Sir Guthred,.............. *Mr. H. Johnston.*
Randall,.................... *Mr. Taylor.*
Pierre,...................... *Mr. Beverley,*
Gilbert,..................... *Mr. Atkins.*

English.

Sir Alfred,.................. *Mr. Munden.*
Edward,..................... *Mr. Incledon.*
Arthur,...................... *Mr. Liston.*
Nicholas,................... *Mr. Simmons.*
Cook,........................ *Mr. Harley.*
Butler,....................... *Mr. Wilde,*
Ellen,........................ *Miss Searle.*
Martha,...................... *Miss Tyrer.*
Rose,......................... *Mrs. Emery.*

The plot of this Opera. if indeed it can he said to have any, is borrowed from the admirable poem, entitled "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel,*" by Walter Scot, Esq. For any thing of a dramatic structure, this plot is too scanty. *Laird Ronald* is believed to have been drowned, when is fact he is *not* drowned.—This is the only mystery of the piece. A jealous and insidious rival endeavours to supplant him in the favour of his mistress and the fortunes of her father. In this he succeeds, till the proper time in which the catastrophe of the piece required the appearance of *Laird Ronald*, the vindication of his rights, and the punishment of his rival—Upon such meagre materials, what could be erected?

In a word there was but one character in this piece; that of *Christopher Kilspindie*; and he was a bad imitation of *Lingo.*—*Laird Ronald* and *Edward* sang their songs, and did nothing.—The ladies merely walked across the stage. There was some attempt at character in *Sir Alfred*, and the excellent actor to whom it belonged, did every thing for it; but *e nihilo nihil fit*; it had nothing of merit but what it derived from Munden.

The favour with which the piece was received, was principally owing to the music, which is chiefly composed or selected by Reeve. Some of the songs were encored. Fawcett came in for his full share of applause, particularly in his song about *Æneis and Dido*, which, we believe, we have frequently heard from the author of the piece, in divers places, with great pleasure; and we were very happy to find that what had given so much satisfaction in more private circles, was received with such approbation in a public theatre.

Very little expence has been incurred in the scenery and decorations. We did not observe any new scene till we came to the last, which was rather novel, and certainly produced a good effect. It was so contrived as to represent an amphitheatre; two circular rows of seats were occupied by various persons, in different characters, and on the back scene was painted a succession of rising seats, forming on the whole five or six stages, filled with spectators of the combat proposed between the Danish Chief, *Guthred*, and the English Chieftain, *Edward*, which was prevented by the appearance of *Ronald*, who was supposed to have been slain, and whose murder was charged upon *Edward* by *Guthred*, who intended to murder him, but had been prevented. *Guthred*, on his detection, is carried off by the soldiery, harmony ensues, the union between the families take place, and the *denouement* of the piece is concluded by separate dances of the English and Scotch visitors.

FASHIONS

For MAY, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

No. 1.—An Evening Full Dress.

A Grecian robe of a light embroidered muslin, half Vandyke sleeves, full at the top, looped up with a square cornelian broach; the busk broad and plain, carelessly thrown over the bosom to the right side; bosom trimmed with French ribband; a muslin girdle, with acorn tassels at the end; amlets to match the broaches; the whole of the above are worn over a white sarsnet slip. White kid gloves and shoes.

No. 2.—A Walking Dress.

A Parisian mantle of dove-coloured sarsnet, trimmed with French grey floss silk, forming a broad border, confined on the right shoulder with a bow of the same; an Egyptian broach; this mantle is extremely graceful and elegant. A morning bonnet of dove-coloured sarsnet to correspond with the mantle, is turned up in front with French grey floss silk; this bonnet is worn very much on one side of the head, so as to discover the hair carelessly curled.

No. 3.—A Fashionable Walking Dress.

A jacket and petticoat, walking length, of Circassian cambric, ornamented with narrow footing lace, or worked muslin, let in round the bottom of the petticoat, and on the edge of the jacket and sleeves. Bonnet of lavender sarsnet, trimmed with shaded ribband.

No. 4.—A Morning high Dress of Cambric Muslin.

Train moderately long; robe flowing from the shoulder, lace collar, trimmed with *tulle*; plain long sleeves, trimmed with *tulle*; wrists ornamented with a topaz clasp or bracelets to correspond; yellow gloves and shoes. A Morning cap of white lace trimmed with *tulle*, tied under the chin with white ribband.

No. 9.—A Walking Dress,

Of Japan cambric muslin, with worked long sleeves, and made close to the figure, buttoned behind from the neck to the bottom of the train. A Poland mantle of blue silk, trimmed with silk cable of the same colour, fastened with an antique, on the right shoulder; a peasant cap to correspond.

No. 10.—A Full Dress.

A splendid web Fourreau, Grecian front, sleeves and train bound with embossed ribband, and trimmed with *tulle*; a white satin slip is worn underneath. Head-dress, a Circassian turban, embroidered in silver *lamé*; a bird of paradise plume in front.

No. 11.—A Round Dress,

Of pale yellow sarsnet, with a drapery of white crape over it, drawn up in festoons, and fastened with tassels of white beads. The head ornamented with a tiara, *bandeaux* of amethyst, and an opera comb; a pearl necklace.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR MAY.

White satin dresses will continue fashionable the whole of the spring season; ball dresses worked in gold and silver *lamé*, or crape embossed in white and coloured velvets. Silver chambery is extremely fashionable and elegant, both for turbans and dresses. The most fashionable ornaments are amethyst, tiaras, and *bandeaux*; opera combs, and dove broaches are worn in the front of dresses, with or without other ornaments, and are much admired. Silks of every colour, spotted with white, are prevalent for spencers, mantles and pelisses; silk hats and bonnets to correspond are worn with them. An evening dress, composed of *lenon*, elegantly worked in the Etruscan style, is much approved of; the back of this dress is low, drawn full, and is finished with a

loose bow of narrow ribband, high in front, and is ornamented with footing lace, and an elegant tiara broach. Head dress of white satin, ornamented with flowers. Lace caps are now more universally worn than ever by our most fashionable females; the mob has not entirely disappeared, yet the small round cap seems to be more admired and the most prevalent; caps made of silk and lace, with flowers of the same colour, will be fashionable for Lord Melville's trial, with spencers *à l'Espagnole*, mantles, &c. &c. made of silk, with a new trimming, or silk covered with sprigged *lenons*, muslin, or spider-web. Long shawls are much on the decline, square shawls are the most general. Few feathers or flowers are to be seen, they have almost entirely given place to ribbands of various descriptions—the French ribband is making rapid advances in the process of fashion; lavender is a new colour and much worn, dove, fawn, pale-pink, and blue, are the colours at present most admired.

Fashions during the last month have exhibited but little of novelty, compared with the preceding. Indeed so ungenial has been the general temperature of the weather throughout April, that it would seem the republic of *Belles* have been induced to imitate, in some measure, the *vegetable creation*, and to have deferred the assumption of their summer gaieties until the warm suns of May shall secure them from the chilling influence of vernal breezes.

A new State-bed is preparing for the Prince of Wales. It is supported by pillars, covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with gold; the furniture of blue satin chintz and white muslin; the top is in the form of a dome, in the middle of which is an elegant mirror, supported by small pillars; when complete, is will be the most magnificent piece of furniture that ever was seen in this country; the chairs for the room are of an antique form, covered with crimson velvet, trimmed with gold fringe.

HYDE PARK & KENSINGTON GARDENS,

The usual theatres of fashionable exhibition at this season of the year, displayed on Sunday last but few of the *haut ton*, except in their *voitures*, where they were scarcely visible. Amongst those who graced the *promenade* the costumes of January rather than of April were in no inconsiderable degree prevalent, and the ample pelice of velvet, lined with rich furs, and *coiffures* of the same materials, at such a period of the year, reminds us rather of an assemblage of *Russian beauties* at *Petersburgh* than of *British belles* in the more genial hemisphere of *London*. Amongst the ladies who, in spite of the shivering breeze, chose rather to accommodate their attire to the *season* than its *temperature*, the most prevalent novelties which caught observation were the Spanish cloak, with embroidered Egyptian border, and fashioned of various materials and colours, as velvet, taffeta, lace, and cassimere; of those the most elegantly attractive were of royal purple, taffeta lined with Pomona green Persian, and elegantly bordered with an embroidery and fringe of primrose or gold-coloured silk; and those of ethereal blue or fawn-coloured satin, trimmed with white broad lace, which had a very charming effect.

Scarlet and purple shawls were much worn, but in a style so graceful as very much to change the effect of that favourite garment. They were generally worn corner ways, simply attached to the shoulders behind by a loop, and descending to the ground in a picqued flowing train, loooked extremely elegant. Spencers of various coloured velvets and lighter materials were still very prevalent—the most elegant were of royal purple, or sky blue taffeta, with hats and turbans of the same, but scarcely any beaver. The simple and elegant material of straw still maintains its ground—and turbans, hats, and bonnets of that fabric, with artificial roses, or sprigs of other flowers, seemed to be the prevailing favourites. The hair is still worn in the Egyptian style.

The under-dress still continues to be of snow white muslins, certainly a species of drapery the most congenial ever invented, to the graceful elegance of the female form. Buskins of velvet and nankin, laced with different coloured ribband, were also much in wear.

ANATOMICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE
HEART OF A COQUETTE.

THE subject of this exquisite piece of pleasantry is borrowed from the Spectator, but it has been greatly embellished by the Italian poet, Pignotti, from whose performance this article is translated. It is to be regretted that this pleasing writer did not employ his talents on another piece in the same work relative to the examination of the brain of a *petit maitre*, which, in his hands, would probably have been still more interesting than that which is here presented to the reader.

O, charming sex! O, lovely women! if in my verses I have sometimes ventured to excite the mirth of my readers at your gallant customs, I know, however, that so far from reproaching me, you have joined in the laugh, because I never armed myself with the lash of satire to censure your morals, or to wound your delicacy. Continue, I beseech you, to do justice to my sentiments, and believe that to please you will ever be my most ardent wish.

But if almost all females are gentle, lovely, and modest, still there are some, as you must yourselves admit, who are indiscreet and intolerant. To these the most innocent pleasantries are harsh and grating truths; and they have positively declared that, let me assume whatever tone and say whatever I will, I shall never be able to please them. Ought this severe decision to discourage me? No; I will resemble the countryman, who, heedless of the shrill chirping of the grasshoppers around him, quietly pursues and finishes his work.

To satisfy, however, if it be possible, those who think that there is too much folly in my productions; I will now treat of things both grave and important. I perceive your extreme astonishment.—You hesitate to believe me.—Ladies, deign to honour me with your attention, I am going to speak of—anatomy!

Ye tender and delicate beauties, be not alarmed at my audacious undertaking. I will not distress your eyes with the disgusting spectacle of an amphitheatre; I will not wound your ears with those hard technical words, which it was useless labour to go so far to seek, for the purpose of rendering them so difficult to the tongue and so disagreeable to the ear.

A physician, an old friend of mine, took me the other day into a spacious hall, where a skilful professor of anatomy was going publicly to dissect the heart of a young and beautiful woman.

During the whole course of her life, she had manifested the most extraordinary caprices in her ideas and in her actions, loving to day what she hated yesterday, and in a few hours renouncing this new inclination and adopting another. She was continually in such an agitation of sentiments, that she reminded you of the spectacle of the sea, which, sometimes calm, at others lightly ruffled by the zephyrs, and often perturbed by boisterous winds, is incessantly presenting a new aspect to the view.

The concourse of the curious was already considerable, when the professor, in a long black venerable robe, his head covered with an ample peruque, his nose adorned with a large pair of spectacles, with an austere look and deliberate motion, took up his chirurgical instruments, and began his interesting dissection.

He first sought with attentive eye, whether any nervous fibres branched off from the heart for the purpose of keeping up an easy and habitual communication with the tongue, and whether, as the frequent oaths of the young lady had induced a belief, there had been any correspondence between those two organs. But his search was in vain, and the anatomist was obliged to declare positively, that there had never existed any correspondence between the heart and tongue of the deceased.

I must not omit to tell you, that scarcely had the knife laid open the first channels of the heart, than a thousand fibres appeared, all twisted together and entangled. On examining them with care, it was found that some were short and others long; while the former restrained motions, the latter hastened them. All the spectators unanimously agreed that this must have been the real cause of those strange caprices of the heart which had excited in them so much astonishment during the life of our coquette, and which had been so often compared to the effects of a rocket, which, wandering through the air with infinitely varied motions, first rises majestically, then suddenly darts to the right and to the left, rises again, and at length explodes with a crash.

The substance of the heart was soft and light; it contained hundreds of small channels which penetrated the different concentric strata, similar to the bulbs of certain plants. On each of these strata were perceived the images of her numerous lovers, which were so faintly sketched that a touch of the finger was sufficient to efface them. They might have been compared to the spots formed on crystal, or on polished marble, by the humidity of the breath.

What a spectacle! what a singular assemblage did these thousands of different figures exhibit! Prelates, canons, and young lawyers were confusedly mingled with generals, magistrates, financiers, princes, and common citizens.

After unfolding all the strata of the heart, the professor at last came to its most secret part, its centre. And in what state do you think he found that part of which none had before been able to form any idea? Entirely empty; but in the vacuum might be seen flitting shadows which succeeded each other with the greatest rapidity. These were diamonds, feathers, carriages, dresses, ribbands, in a word all those things for which the young lady had sighed during her life. Permit me to compare this amusing spectacle with the gratification which a child is so eager to obtain in the cold winter nights when he hears the ravishing sound of the barrel organ of the puppet-show-man. He beholds towns and countries, and armies and animals of different kinds, the sun, moon, &c. passing in rapid succession before him; all these objects afford him pleasure, for this very reason, that none of them are stationary.

The professor held the heart, the object of his investigation, near a lighted taper, placed before a looking-glass. The veins adhering to it were instantly seen to swell, and the by-standers heard a low murmur resembling that which sometimes escapes from the bosom of a timid female of deli-

cate sensibility. They afterwards perceived distinctly a small light bubble, which being resolved into smoke, was dispersed in the air.

It is essential, ladies, that I should inform you, that this heart floated habitually in a limpid and cold liquid, containing a soft substance. This liquid was carefully collected by the professor in a glass tube.

You must certainly have observed the effects of the atmospheric air on the obedient liquid contained in the thermometer. That in which the heart of our young female had floated, exhibited nearly the same effects; but it was not precisely the air which exercised an influence over it; to agitate it in different ways it was necessary to vary the objects which were brought near it. If a man possessing good sense, sound judgment, wisdom or modesty, approached this liquid, it suddenly fell to the bottom of the tube, and seemed to shun him; but on the appearance of a young fop, it rose with velocity towards the orifice of the vessel, which was no longer capable of containing it.

This experiment having been afterwards repeated in an assembly of young people of both sexes, where pleasure presided, the liquid was in such constant and violent agitation, that it had the appearance of boiling water. It was so sensible to impressions of every kind, that the approach of a new ribband, an elegant cap, fashionable ear-rigs, or the most trifling gew-gaw were sufficient to throw it into incessant agitation.

I wished to obtain possession of this wonderful instrument and I one day requested my friend, the physician to purchase it for me, let the price be what it would. He laughed heartily at my simplicity, and assured me that all young women are so many thermometers, or rather *frivolimeters* of that kind.

I cannot persuade myself, besides, that my physician told me the truth; but so much I know that we meet with many malicious and unjust people, who in every circumstance strive to make your sex responsible for the faults of two or three of you. They have, for example, the presumption to assert, that all the happiness of your lives consists in imitating the new-blown flowers which suffer themselves to be caressed by every fluttering butterfly which passes that way.

If, however, what I think impossible, actually existed, if it were true that the hearts of women float incessantly in a liquid so extraordinary, what praises ought we not to bestow on those, of whom I could mention a great number, who, rising superior to vulgar sentiments, unite to every charm for which they are indebted to nature, the practice of every virtue.

London: Printed by and for J. Bell, *Southampton Street, Strand. May* 1, 1806.